Ghod

OSFA

MEETINGS

AUG-30TH

SEPT-27TH

THE AUGUST 21st ISSUE OF THE MONTHLY PUBLICATION OF THE OZARK SCIENCE FICTION AS OCIATION!

IF YOU LOVE US
WE WILL
LOVE YOU MUCHLEY
IN RETURN!

ANYONE CAUGHT GNAWING ON THIS ZINE OR IT'S CONTENTS WILL GET AGNEWITIS ' SO*O!

OSFAN-II

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Jay sez--

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LAWSUITS : If for anyreason you intend to sue us or the club please give us at least 72 hours advance warning so we can pack our belongings and skip town.

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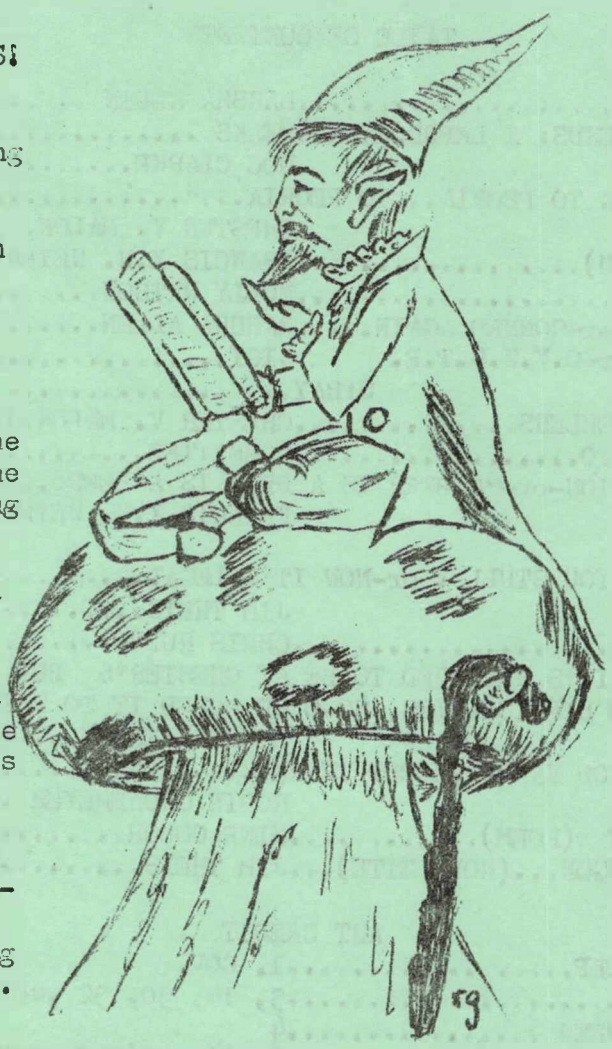
LISTEN MY FRIENDS:
A LEPRECHAUN SPEAKS!

by Doc Clarke



I was sitting under my favorite mushroom thinking troll-thoughts when my radar beacon bleeped. Leaping to my feet I was was aghast finding feet and I still sitting. Seeking the culprit pinioning me I spyed a golden jug of UISGE BAUGH (tullamore dew) of which we had freely sampled.

I'm sure that it must be the curse of wicked warlock as sech a sweet brew could nah be mixing up my feet. Knowing the problem we burped to our feets to see what was beeping on the scradar reen. Lo and behold see I did a fair blond lady. She asked of me, "Sir-rah, as OSFA President, could you perchance tell me what the 'CREDO' of our club is", they-uhn she asked?

"The OSFA, a-a, credo, oh sure I have it right here," I said searching frantically thru mind mind, briefs, vest, pockets, beard, and her raiment getting a slap fer me troubles. "It is on the tip O'me tongue my love" i said to the lovely lady or ladies; depending whichever it turned out to be as soon as mine eyes focussed.

"Love; LOVE," I shouted in a deeply, assured whisper. I raced up and down the corridors of my mind tripping over tendrils of Irish whiskey .

"Friendliness motivated by sincere compassion, interest in, and a love for the unique variances each club member exhibits. We don't fight, we don't argue, have political hassles, or condescend the fringe or neofan", I lectured, quite pompously. The answer roars thru my mind which is just to befuddled to come up with a reply or an answer that doesn't sound stuffy, egotistical ,or pompous. We like each other. We love one another not unlike a family. We care for each other and try to help when a problem presents itself. Diving back into my minds inner reaches seeking the answer, I catch sight of it and race after the elusive rascal. I am dimly aware of the body I'm residing it slithering under a toadstool, smirking drunkenly and letting loose with a heavy growl; "thus, ZZZ-zzzzzzzzzzz-z-z!"

Image of beautiful naked blonde feceeding off mumbling "*+=#$ trying to get an answer from a drunken troll is useless. All he ever mutter to my questions is ' Fryshyliush moustchcvedbosh shhhshhh quahposh,iishinhin annanana lushy forzze qurinqes vashdure heach sclub masherbixibibs.weighdonfiger,wiush donnangus sqeeggle,etc." I close my ears so as not to see her stomp off. He drunk. Never. I'll tell her-them tomorroww, just you wait and see.

"WE ARE DRIVING TO PEORIA ...TO PEORIA..."

by Chester V. Malon,Jr.

Two hundred miles - more - or less- lay behind us as I pulled the mustang onto the parking lot of the local roach ranch, site of PeCon. Marsha and Kathy, the Allens; Sue Watson and I scrambled out of the scorching interior of the beast and gasped for air. Unfortunately Peoria was in the grip of a heat wave and we discovered that an asphalt lot is anything but cool in the in the summertime.

Off to our right a group of people was leaving the hotel and making for cars. Knowing that instaed of a banquet there was to be a picnic, swiftly deduced that this was the convention leaving for the food. To top it off the chevy containing Doc Clark, Francis X.N. Weyerich,Chris Ruble, Bob McCormick and Sally Watson, was nowhere in sight. The girls began speculating on this turn of events and discussed such interesting subjects as small-town speed traps,flat tires, motor trouble and flaming collisions,. That last one really shook me up: my luggage was in that car.

In the next half-hour we found ourselves befriended by yht con's friendly bearded co-chairman :Larry Propp. Doc and the other stragglers showed up, we registered amid the grateful sobs of Larry as he tool pur money. The girls went to their suite and the four males, including myself, went to our double room. I must say it is to my credit that I went under protest. After showered, shaving, and putting on on the good smelly stuff we were off to the picnic.

The 'park' had a strategic location. It was bordered by the highway, a poluted river and a junk yard. Hot dogs and hamburgers were on the grill and I put the grab on one, went to the nearest table and reached for the mustard. The four adults eyed me coldly and said in a voice equally as cold :"This is our table and that is our mustard!"

Looking for something cold to drink, I discovered a can of lukewarm cokes and root beer. Yeeech! Larry was nominated to race back for cold sodas and grabbing a nubile female , he did so. In the meantime some idiot wanted to scare up a game of Frisbee or baseball. Finally Don Blyly, the chairman, was persuaded to move the convention back to the hotel. Either that or there soon wouldn't be enough people left standing to carry off the victims of heat prostration. Three-fourths of the convention left a trail of dust behind as they raced for their cars. We cleaned up, waited for Larry to return and when he did, pushed his triumph over a half-acre of ground to get the thing started again.

Meanwhile, back at the con, a general bull session started. After several feghoots, the more adventurous and youthful among us went for the pool. Would you believe a polluted swimming pool? It was polluted with about three hundred gallons of chlorine. Like, instant blindness. Dispite this, a vigorous game of waterpolo soon began. Anything went. And there were dives, punches, grabs, kicks and curses as people went after the ol ball. After an especially vigorous kick by Larry, Frank X., screamied; "I'm ruined!" In between games, we engaged in other fun pasttimes.

Kathy noticed Bob Tucker sitting at the window of the con suite and waved a filmy blue garment at him so she could bounce around better. I gave Bob the peace sign and. he gave me half of it back.

Swimming is an exhausting sport to say the least and one by one the fans drifted into the motel. And as could be expected, the next item on the agenda was food. Around twenty or so fans made their way to the parking lot and leaped into cars. Would you believe Larry Propp managed to cram himself and four girls inro his little two-seater Triumph ? Our eventual destination turned out to be old faith -ful or the International House of Pancakes. I won't say the service was bad, but I had to shave twice before I was served.

Arriving back at the hostel it was discovered that a game of 'Imaginery World' had been started. A fascinating game invented by Bruce Pelz. The idea is to go around the board and arrive at the final square marked in gold letter;'BNF'! The last one on the square loses the game. Cards are drawn with clever things printed on them like;"you put out a fake issue of his zine and he bit. Go ahead two spaces while you pat yourself on the back"-or-"He put out a fake issue of your zine and you bit. Go to imaginary world". The imaginary world is a square with flames on it and is entitled !HELL!. Needless to say you manage to spend about half of the game there. The similiarity between this game and real life is amazing. In the game as in life there are no winners, only losers, and the fans playing the game spend most of their time in an imaginary world.

Several rap sessions were started in the main room and the booze flowed freely. After a while I noticed that some of the younger people were missing and, grabbing Kathie, went in search of them. They were found up in the girl's suite. Wes Struebing sat on the floor strumming his guitar . . . or whoever's guitar it was . . .with Sally by him. A Babcock and Anne Wickerham were there also and a general folk-filk session was soon in full swing. Sometime during the proceedings Doc and Frank staggered in with a friend of theirs who they were talking which none of the rest of us could spot. Having difficulty standing they dove into unadultered drinks to stiffen their limbs. Someone started singing Hava Negala and Ann decided to teach us how to dance the Hoora, or Horla, or . . . oh, Hell. You know what I mean. Six of us sidled and kicked in a disharmony that was anything but smooth. From the corner came comments. "Ive seen better dancing by drunken caterpillars," yelled Doc. Between general exhaustion from the dancing and lack of breath at laughing we called a time-out. Doc was still in the corner, but was now talking to Frank who listened with rapt attentionto his tale of how much fun it is to glue a caterpillars head to his rear and watch its contortions.

Ghod was brought in and in a pause in the drunken revelry the Unicorn Purveyer introduced the dimutive regal one. Laughing gleefully at the huge ovation the Green One recieved he resided the rest of the evening perched upon a bottle of Smirnoff's Vodka. His monor miracle of the evening was making it a suscessfully drunken bash with only the bumbling Quixoticlike of an OSFAn arguing politics with a stifflipped, straightlaced, but friendly Indy-fan. I grew weary of Frank and Doc continually assuring each other that the cure for their immobility, was bigger and stronger alcoholic drinks.

From there it was up to the roof for a look at the city lights and then back to the main room for booze and cigarettes and what else. Then back to the girl's suite for the gab and music. Marsha and I wound up on the bed listening to Al and Ann relate tales of their school expierences and so forth. They told of the time they put a forty inch BRA on a statue of a Roman matron. (I wonder if it was also filmy and blue?) They continued on how they made a commando raid on the partially con' structed psych building and 'slurped' it, the mock killing in the cafateria. Finally I staggered off in search of Doc and begged the key to the room. Sleep was very welcome, but . . . not enough!

It seemed like I was just coming down from the first bounce when the room was flooded with light and people. "Get Up!" they were screaming. So I got up and everybody covered their eyes. I looked down thru a red haze and snapped my fingers. I just gotta start wearing pajama's one of these days, I told myself as I dived into the bathroom! Screams and shrieks littered the room while I was secluded in the bathroom along with crys of "Doc, Doc quit it or you'll be sorry . . ." Rublesqued.

We had a slow breakfast at Howard Johnson's (UGH!!) across the street . . not by our choice, but that of the waitress . . . and returned to rouse our people. Goodbyes were said, hands were shaken, faces were kissed ...(among other things)... matieral for zines was promised, assurances of attendances at other cons were made and I was becoming frantic at the swift passage of time.

At last the group got into the cars and we were off in the same arrangement as we had arrived. We were a little poorer, a little tireder, quite a bit happier, and determined to return to the next year. As I tooled the mustang out of the lot and into the street, onto the highway and past Howard Ghacyk Johnson's, I caught a glimpse of the International House a ways back and called a farewell, Peoria's restaurents Suck! " fondly, of course. Except for the car acting up from a thirst for oil and Doc competing with the jetream to get home(losing us in the process) the trip home was atypical. Now to a weldeserved and well earned state of GAFIA.

The FUNKMASTER, Pigeon Conqueror, and
Noble of Teevied Funkdom.
Malon.....

++*+

ANYWAY

written & illustrated by

Francis X.N. Weyerich

Dream me up sometime and look me over.

When your someplace else. When you're older

I hope I am in the bright places of your mind.

As I was then, I should be easy enough to find.

Back through misty memories, now older, you might feel,

When you were young you passed the fact that I was completely real.

But looking outward from this side.

It might be a product of my own pride.

Maybe then I should have tried,

And my harsh thoughts aren't justified.

So put me back again where ;

I should stay!

Aw frimistam anyway!

FOG

by Molly Watson

Fog-
-a mist in the air
the presence of rain
Speaking of Sadness.
Fog--the loss of someone you love.
I lost a friend in the fog.

Fog brings Destruction,
Despair, Death,
Killing People
Animal -- Things
I was killed by the Fog.

OZARKON FIVE -or-
CONNED AGAIN

by Marsha Allen

Finally , all of the conventions of the year are done and passed. That is, all the cons the meager Allen finances will allow me to visit or attend. The last one was our own Ozarkon-5 held on the last weekend of July, just past.

The whole thing began for me about 11:00 am Friday morning, when Doc Clarke came by to pick me up for the trek to the airport to greet our guest of honor. Alexei Panshin, author of Rite Of Passage, with his lovely wife Ciry. Even with time out for lunch, we met the 1:00 pm plane with time to spare. The Panshins proved easy to find in the predominantly straight mob (though Doc could have merely stood somewhere in easy view and we could of easily been found, he's easy to spot) he had a smile on his face.

They are a very charming couple. On the way to the hotel Alexei told us of his getting college credit for Heinlein In Dimension, but not for Rite Of Passage. He told us of the farm he and Cory live on with their cats and the owners livestock. He also expressed interest in our local fanac and fan group, which [illegible] flattering to me anyway. The Leprechaun has been thru all this too many times to really get excited.

At the hotel, Doc went and parked the car, while I took the Panshins into the hotel remembering too late that their room was reserved in Doc's name. Trying to take them to the convention suite to rest, we became hopelessly lost [illegible] amongst the mobs of Jehovah's Witnesses and the Daughters of Isabella for a short time of no little frustration. Schoenfeld as usual couldn't be located, but the familiar faces of Watson Family with a Bob (Boy) Watson also there. I tried to make formal-type introductions, but in the excitement I somehow forgot to introduce Cory.

Eventually with Doc's aid the Panshins got registered in their room. Ray Fisher who is an old friend of theirs arrived followed by the entrance and the appearance of Schoenfeld. The registration table ended up with a late set up. Due to a miscalculation the banquet tickets had to be bumped up an extra fifty cents recollecting from those already sold chits. Charlie Prokoff ran into a screaming woman packing her suitcase in his room, finding out it wasn't vacacnt yet,even though the hotel had supplied him keys. The poor little old lady must of went frantic when Doc next tried to get in with several people with him. While waiting for our rooms we got many reproachful looks from the Jehovah's Witnesses for our drinking in the afternoon.

At last OZARKON-V was under way. Due to the fortunes, or misfortunes of employment, I had to work Friday night. Bright and early Saturday (about 4:00pm) I got to the hortel again, after Doc's call. By that time about 60 people had arrived and registered and 40 banquet tickets were sold. The rest of the aftern oon was rather dull actually, so there seems no need to dwell on it.

Things livened up again around banquet time, with the forty or so ticket holders converging on the Crystal room. Doc ,Robin Gronemeyer,Alexei & Cory, Hank & Lesleigh Luttrell along with Robert Schoenfeld were isolated at the head table to let us see all those responsible for whatever. Friends; the banquet fare was of standard con quality (barely Palatable), but I must mention one thing. There were no green beans !?! (Our banquet next year will be at a smorgasbjord restaurent which will and does have great food)(Doc)(So he says) The only reason for that, I'm sure is that the Sheraton is not yet in on the insidious "Used Green Bean Conspiracy" even so the peas and mushrooms, and the boiled potatoes were more than made up for the dearth of the green beans. Another word of warning. If ever again Bob Schoenfeld gets up to speak at a banquet, someone gently, friendlylike, but very persausively sit on him.

"Well, I guess its time for the speeches, wow. Er- - ah, hi, I'm Bob schoenfeld; umm, uhn, thats Alexei Panshin sitting their behind the podium(wave Alex) and Hank Luttrell's going to introduce him, now' sayeth the con chairman. After Hank did a capable job of introducing Panshin, Alexei's speech was excellent. Thanks to Ronald Whittington (Wit) the speech was recorded and I hope we can print it for everyone to read. It involved the new wave-old wave, controversy, but with a different twist.

After the banquet on saturday is allways the best time at a convention Leigh Couch,the Walrus, Molly Watson, Sherry Pogorzelski, Gigi Beard, Ray Fisher, Ruth Doschek and many others congregated in the Ozarkon suite to party. Some were imbibing alcoholic, while most were soft-drinking, and fantalking. In a fit of madness I brought my guitar, but having Fred Haskell and Jon Yaffee can give a poor soul inferiority feelings. Fred and Karen made it to the con on their new credit cards worrying about it later; a good way to go. A little later some of the bunch from PeCon gathered in another room to sing lustily as before. Sally Watson, Wes Streubing, Al Babcock, Charlie Prokoff, Sharon Dennison (the girl with the red hair Doc groves on), myself, and a few others were entertaining each other for several hours.

Singing is hunger making work, so about 2:00am along with twothirds of the convention we caravaned off to Uncle Bill's Pancake House in search of a prime fooding place. Upon finding out that dinner was not being served until the noon hour, no more that night a bunch left(Kathy Allen,the Funkmaster, Larry Nichols, and Rhoda HornKohl)-_ _ _-for the Perkins Pancake House where dinner was still available . The rest of the group; Sally,Molly,Sue Watson, the Panshins, Robin, Prokoff, Al Babcock, Wes, Jim (the Nomad) Theis, Doc , Me and a dozen others stayed to munch breakfast. A peculiar thing. Four of the bunch hooked arms dancing to our table, some barefooted, which they were to shocked to notice. A few others were excluded because of arriving sans shoes. Som people just don't know how to make an entrance Doc (one of the dancers) said.

Returning to the hotel with full bellies, we talked and played cards in the con suite for a few hours. Their I made the acquaintance of a couple of chaps from West Memphis, Arkansas by the names of Tom Foster,Robert A. Melhorn, Russ Fly and one called Harpo. They had published a fanzine called Diversity marking the finding of a lode of Fergo Farp. This remarkable material is not exactly radioactive as it absorbs neutrons rather than emitting them, and comes in Vanilla, Cherry, and Statutory Grape. Believe it or not , there is even some kind of Fergo Farp that you can take out on a date.

As dawn began to break, Russ, Harpo, roger Vanous, and I went out again for food. Have you ever tried to find an open restaurent in downtown St Louis on a Sunday Morning ? Don't !!! We eventually walked around long enough to find a spot just openeing where the waitress was not to bright, mixing up our orders and not even knowing where to get Fergo Farp at thet time of the morning. Tsk! Tsk!Tsk! Struggling through a stale roll and orange juice and greasy bacon and other awful unpalatable things. My three compani ns went to their rooms at the Sheraton-Jefferson and I went home to get a little sack time.

With the suscint arrival of 4:00pm I got back to the Sheraton just in time to catch the tail end of the auction with Larry Nichols as auctioneer and Doc as his shill. I bought Venus At Dawn by Morris Scott Dollins from Larry after he had bought it when no other bid on it. He sold it to me after I had drooled on it for ten minuites.

Lum's was again the fooding place of the day. We didn't quite fill up the restaurent as almost everyone including the GOH had gone home. The party later on was moved into Doc's room where there was always a party going on, as he never e'r sleeps. Frank Weyerich sat in the corner with his tape recorder musicaling, while Gigi and Molly played some game. Al,Steubling, Sally Kook-in-chief,Charle Prokopp and Sharon sang song on the middle bed. The Leprechaun, Sherry, Larry-N, Sue- our Vestal mother-Ron Whittington, Joan Snider, and Betty Stochl were scattered around in various corners drinking and/or chatting. Joan & Betty left early and after Mission Impossible was over a trip to take Sherry and Gigi home was diverting and enjoyable. All in all sunday night was comfortingly subdeud. When the party broke up Al Babcock escorted me to my car while others went to their cars for the trips home.

Ozarkon-5 was an enjoyable enough con, but inferior compared to the Con of Cincy(Midwestcon) and even Pecon. I think con chairman Schoenfeld choice of a hotel was not too good. The Sheraton's lack of a swimming pool was felt on the hot afternoons. The downtown area is not particularily safe at night and there are no decent eating places that stay open all night. Nevertheless, this is water under the proverbial bridge. If Doc is re-elected as OSFA President at the next election Chester Malon and Ron Whittington will be the convention Chairmen. They both have expierence and do get things done, odd as the Funkmasters reputation is. Come to Ozarkon-VI and we will have a great one this time. A truely sumptious banquet with good food and as much as you can possible eat .

Shalom, people.

Marsha Allen

*****

Alexei Panshin

OZARKON -5-

Guest of Honor = ALEXEI PANSHIN
& Cory Panshin

OZARKON-5
Chairman - - =Robert Schoenfeld
Coordinator = Chester Malon,Jr.
Treasurer - = Marsha Allen
Committee - = Betty Stochl
& Railee Bothman
& Norbert Couch
Advisor - - = Raymond D. Fisher
Sponsered by =OSFA - & -
Graphic Fantasy
Collectors of St.
Louis.

'ATENDEES'

Kathy Allen
Marsha Allen
Al Babcock
Margaret Beard
Railee Bothman
Shirley Claymont
Douglas F. Carroll
Michael Couch
Ray W. Cummings
Ruth Doschek
Ken Fletcher
Raymond D. Fisher
Leo Goldsby
David Hall
Terry Hughes
Jeannie Jegglin
Lesleigh Luttrell
Bob McCormick
Robert A. Melhorn
Victoria Namiano
Sim Pearce
Larry Propp
ALEXEI PANSHIN
Harold D. Steele
Walter Stumper
Creath Thorne
Celia Tiffany
Jim Turner
Robert Watson
Frank Weyerich
Genie Yaffe
Jay T. Rikosh.

Douglas O. Clark
Norbert Couch
Grover Lee Deluca
Rebecca Feagan
Steve Frischer
Tom Foster
Robin Gronemeyer
Rhoda Hornkohl
Pamela Janisch
Phil Logan
Betty Kashinski
Len McFadden
D.W.Miller
Larry Nichols
Sherry Pogorzelski
Robert Rhuls
CORY PANSHIN
Betty Stochl
Linda Thames
Fred Thorp
Richard Travis
Roger Vanous
Sally Watson
Ron Whittington
Jim Young

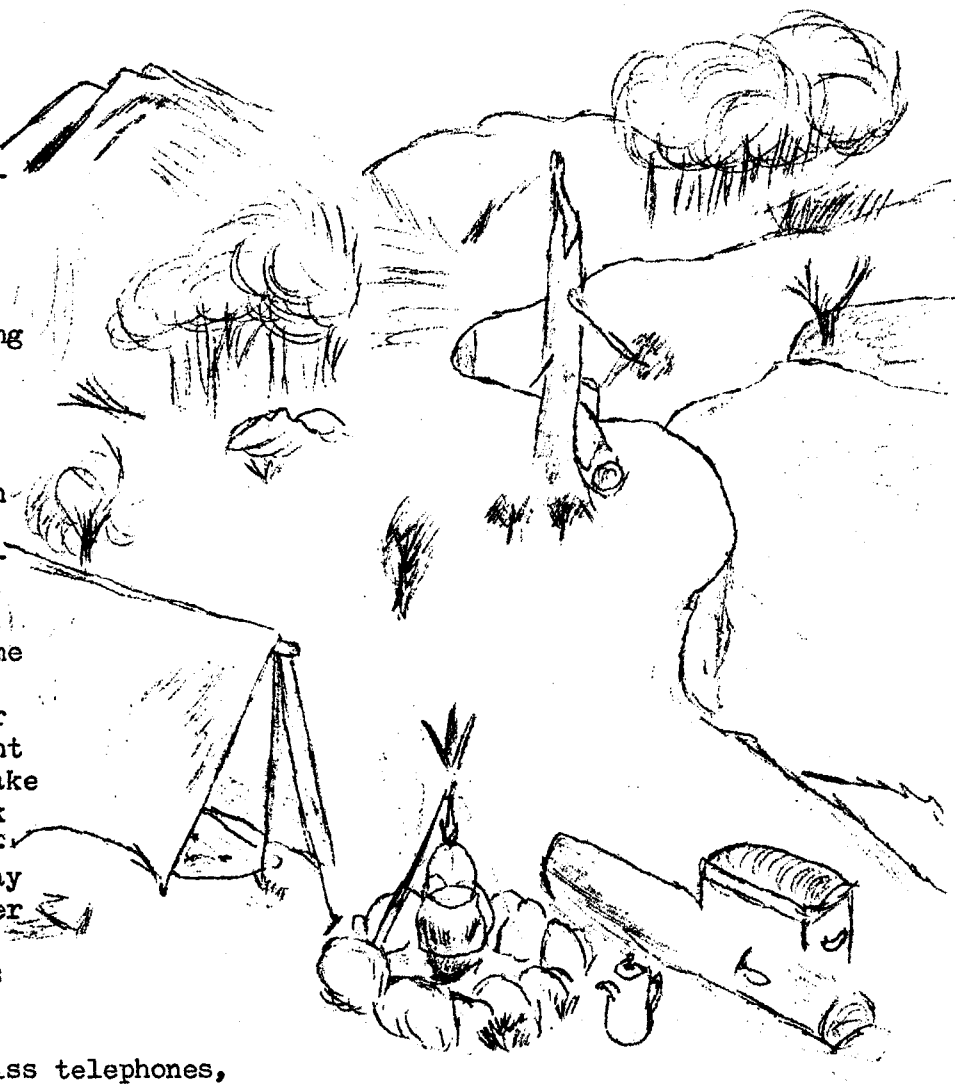
Leigh Couch
Chris Couch
Sharon Denison
Wayne Finch
Russell Fly
Robert Gersman
Phyllis Hailey
Steve Houska
Walt Jaschek
Hank Luttrell
Chester Malon,Jr.
Mike McFadden
Bill Morris
Denny O'Neil
Charles Prokopp
Shannon T. Russell
Joan Snider
Wes Struebing
Jim Theis
Katheren Thorp
Jan Trenholm
Molly Watson
Sue S. Watson
Barbara Wolff
Joseph Yuetraigh

A WILD CALL -or-
O.Y.W.G.T.B. SPRAY

by Gigi

Have you ever heard that call of the wild?Have you ever had the urge to swim with the fish ,eat with ants, and flies, or sleep upon the 0°so, solid earth?

Now is the time! With summer sneaking slowly by us the world's students and working idiots are rushing to squeeze the last iota out of there remaining expiring vacations. Our dearly beloved government sometime ago offered to the country one final summer fling before settling down to serious (?) study and work - The Labor Day Weekend!



Contrary to its name no labor is supposedto be involved. (Ha!) Some other lunatics and I have thought of a terrific scheme to take you away from your hammock in the shade and the baseball games and the Saturday night poker game and offer you three wonderful days and two nights of camping; -CAMPING !! Yes Camping!!

So wahat if you miss telephones, electricity & flush toilets; mother nature offers many delights (skinnydipping, etc.) to replace the unnecessary conviences. Just think- three (3) days of camping, swimming, eating, hiking, sunbathing (yes there is a sun- unless someone cancels it again) friends.

If this idea appeals to you call me (Gi gi - at CYpress 65432) or call the other lunatic instigator of this idea (Sherry Pogorzelski at AT 72901) for the gory

details and any offers of assistance you can make. We need to know if you are coming for various reasons too numerous to mention, but mainly so we know how much eats to by. All it could cost you is a little money for gas and your share of the eats. So-o-o if you dare, come one; come all, and heed the wild call.

P.S. :: Don't worry, Ghod will be with us . He's been thru Hell so this should be a snap for him and us and you too friends.

+*+*+*

RIKOSH RUINATION -or-
" A BEER IS A BEER IS A BEER IS A BEER ---"

by Frank X.N. Wyerich
& Durban Wyaite

I was sitting in the living room of Jay T. Rikosh with Doc Clarke, Ruth Doschek, Lois Namiano, Carla Pringle, and someone named Rebecca whom Doc seemed to be flustered over. In the last issue there was a bit of fantasy done on a visit to the home of Jay; our host of the evening. Let me explain about Rikosh.

Jay is a cantankerous, lecherous, lasciviously living local advertising artist that likes Doc (or owes him money) and abides the rest of us. He dislikes sciencefiction, fans and fandom, but has a great weakness for girls and his desire to immortalize them in his artwork. At least that is what he claims , and his girl-friend seems to accept. He refuses to allow his name to printed or his correct address as he has said " I don't want none of that crap littering up my mailbox, or my mind, as most of it is to f--------- rough to use in the outhouse".

As we get a perverted desire from being in his company (a desire to escape and find normal people) we put up with him. The address listed for him, the discription of arrival to his place, and discription of his house are all puposefully misleading as per his request. All esle about the creep is factual unfortunately. Thus if and when any of you mistakenly write to Jay you won't get thru. Your better off. Anyhow back to the Independence Day Caper. Chris Ruble called to ask for Doc and we seperated him from Ginge to answer the phone. She said she was organizing a spur-of the moment party at Frank's. At this Doc informed us of secondhand.

Jay said since he lived next to Weyerich and had more room hold it at his place instead as long as there would be plenty females present. Ruth joined the rest of us at the mention of a party and booze. She was clad in a large bathtowel about her hips, her hair covering her b osom, and I gallantly offered to comb her hair for her. Doc got up and left with the Feagan girl who glared daggers at Ruth for kissing the Leprechaun goodbye. The blonde friend of Doug had to go to work at a local hospital and he went out to round up the party after dropping her off. Now to let Frank carry on - - -

I was sitting at home having a quiet booze & rap session with some of my friends (yet under the yoke of military enslavement) getting horny wishing for girls & booze & dope. The later of course if the other duo unavailable so they won't be missed too much. We had the booze in the form of six-packs of Bud, but the female bodies that we craved were lacking. The phone rang and I answered it finding Chris on the other end who jostled my memory of a party she was putting together. Hope of fellow dopefreaks, or boozehounds with liquors, or both arose anew. At times like this my hopes of emulating Rikosh, my neighbor, and his arrangment with the Doschek lady; haunted my mind. When Chris told me Doc would bring peo le worry was greatly lessened as proper proportions of passengers in his mind is five girls per fellow. Everyone should know a Leprechaun, as gold tis not the only treasure they have or what they will leave about to distract you from their treasure trove.

A glassyeyed, pecuharilyalert Doc Clarke arrived with Carla Pringla, Sherry Pogorzelski,Margaret Beard, Giny Baxter, and the original Bob McCormick. He was in a smirking, laughing mood , high on a starburst (a drink?) which he refused the secret of , to us. He deposited said partiers, and left to fetch more heading for the Weber-wasteland to get Chris he said. John Galikin, James Boedecker, Thom Meyer, Fran & Frank Neimeyer were there along with lest I forget; myself, your cyclopean host, Francis Xavier Nicolas Wyerich, your host. The table had mounted upon its plain surface many wondrous liquors and beverages, plus the ever popular Dunphy's. All were consumed during the nights festivities except for a half a bottle of Virgin Island Rum.

As Doc went out one door, Durban Wyaite arrived with Lois Namiano in tow thru a side door offering the house of Rikosh to further spread the party about. People started drifting back and forth between the two houses and the two parties. I visited Jay,finding Ruth dressed (unfortunately) and discussed art techniques getting better acquaited with Carla Pringle. Doc called and we told him what we needed in the way if additional supplies besides more female bodies. We grooved on music and booze while the party built up steam.

The evil Troll (Doc) arrived with Kathy Allen, Chris Ruble,Carmen Otero, Ora Crane and Joe Beckblethz. After introductions,acknowledgements, and booze was spread about I retreated to a bedroom with Carla. From here on in the more noxious part of the party (or that portion I was aware of) was held in my room under a black light. Few people noticed the female perpetraitor(Pringle) of this project and the host were nowhere to be found. Only those adventuresome souls who opened the door at the end of the hall, stared wideeyed, gasped, urked once or twice, and shut the door knew. Carla and I had the room to ourselves the first hour. The other people were sober enough to respect privacy.

Missing us or getting suspicious of our abscence, or having heard from those brave enough to lehr thru the door we were missed. Getting stoned, I on Bud, Carla on Dunphy's & Pepsi,we decided to make an appearance. The kitchen was loaded with folks, or loaded folks were in the kitchen; when we stepped out. I was clad in a happy jacket, while Carla covered herself in a sheer sheet. Someone brayed out very mulishly, "they're nak-ked in there" giving it away. Hosty appearance made we went to a bedroom with Black-light illumination. Only a few sightseer's visited us at first, but little by little others drifted in and out of the urple grope-den.

Among the first to be lured into the clutches of my yello-jello bed(just claimed) were my friend John Galikin with 'ole-suction-mouth' sometimes known as Brandy the Baxter. We,the fantastic four,Carla & John & Giny & Frank ; ended up our session hugging closer than water brothers while singing Auld Lang Sine. From then on at least once whether on the bed or not sort of became nude. Others arrived and joined in as they preferred and to their liking. When the total reached six in the bed the left leg collapsed amidst gleeful groping giggles. And, when we reached a total of nine people, count em, 9 and Carmen with all her clothes on the right leg quit sending us into fits of hysterical laughter. The others thruout the house could only guess at what was taking place in the Black-light, bedroom.

Thom Meyer attired in a gaudy bike jacket, shades with levi's toured the house with the end of my bed. Realizing that the bunk was on its last legs Carla, Frank,Braandy,John,Giny's sister Esther (Baxter) Lois, Durban, and the rest of the nine put on their clothes leaving the bed to rest in peace. Carmen oddly enough stil had on her clothes, attached to her no doubt. The bed was left to rest in piece or pieces as it were.

From there on the party mellowed down a bit as everyone paired off seeking a singular person of the opposite sex to grove with. Chester Malon arrived with a Walrus sometimes known as the Whittington , Ronalded. Betty Stochl arrived with a Gary Nameless while the nine-in-a-bed party was in progress. Doc was off somewhere with Chris Ruble, Jay T. Rikosh, Ruth Doschek, and soem others having a pillow party of sorts. The Leprechaun was playing an itiinal game. Two AM snuck up on us and Doc was revived to drive Chris and Carmen off to Scruwsbury where the Rubles live. Upon his return Doc, Bob McCormick, Kathy Allen dragged,loaded, carried the Funkmaster to the Leprochauns car.

As dawn interupted us the others left secluding themselves in the Rikosh residence leaving me with the residue. Standing with my finger up my nose (why I don't know) thinking (shudderring) of the next morning when I'd have to clean it all up. Oh to clean it up "Oh Shit" I thought crumpling into the sack.

All in All it was a great party, at least the portion I was aware of. The only mishap was when my friend Jim Boedecker frustrated at not making a score with the females present blew his cool. A long chat with Chris Ruble and getting to groove with Sherry Pogorzelski put his spirits in good order. His brother had no such difficulties. The other bad thing I discover was a severe case of barfing in a parents bedroom several days later. Thank Ghod my parents were away for a week as it was almost that long before I discovered the mess. Those of you whom yet live with your parents realize that you rarely have reason or desire to visit their room and to mess up 'that' rooms floor is sacrelege.

In ending this tirade let me assure who the culprit, whoever he was, that I forgive him his reguritating in the wrong room, knowing he would be suffering with a heavy head days after. Practising carpentry I rebuilt my bed and then started the three day project along with Rikosh of cleaning up the two houses from a carlod (No a busload) of drunks. Frank Heimeyer,a friend of mine helped us clean up the place, get the bed fixed, repair the shade, and the mess eradicated. It was great but one small request, plea from Jay and I; NEXT TIME NOT HERE !!!!!

Grope Greatly
Frank X. & Durban W.

The only thing that was neglected to mention was the strip poker game wher one of the ladies fair lost to the buff and another nearly so. Great fun was had in the game of convincing a nak-ked drunk lady off the rooftop without attracting the neighbors attention and causing her being arrested and possibly arrested.
Revoltingly Yours ; Durban Wyaite.

GIGI-WE LOVE YOU STILL :
or - NOW IT'S LEGAL!

With the nighting of August 7th 1970 a party was held in and at the home of Margaret Beard to celebrate the arrival of Gigi's 21st birthday. Doc, in a rather unusual manner (there were no femme's in the car) transported us thru all the back ruteroded roads of the far county to a place called hilltop. I would of complained except that Jay T. Rikosh was doing such perfectly colorful job of it that I just sat back listening in awe.

Upon arrival Gigi greeted us all cordially introducing us to her family and other guests. While we were testing and sampling a tub full of thoroughly iced beverages, Doc slipped into the kitchen to concoct a grew of his famous punch. As soon as he found a large punch bowl, the Leprechaun went to work creating his brew while all sampled to the last drop. With weird chants, Ghod looking on over his shoulder ,some private magical potions (pink & green powders) he added such items as Apricot Brandy, Sloe gin, Bacardi Rum, Vodka, and multiple cans of fruit puncher juices! He leaned over the concoction,stirred it, then straightened up with one of the really evil smirks on his face.

Two hours later the Watsons made their appearance in their usual flighty, grandeloquent manner. The delay of their arrival was due to the ailment of the Pixie, the Kook-in-Cheief, Sally Watson; who recovered enough to attend the party. With their arrival things livened up considerably. I noticed also that as time had passed the magic elixer was taking rapid effect upon its craftily ensnared victims. Believe it or not it didn't taste alcoholic? The cake that Sherry had baked was brought forth and loaded with the 21 candles for Gigi Beard's birthday. After the lights were extinguished, she tried to blow the candles out to no avail. A lively verse of Happy Birthday was blared out (call that singing,hah never!) as she kept blowing at the fluttering, poorly burning candles. Thoroughly winded Gigi finally realized the prank. Once lit the candles relit themselves when blown out, no matter how many times thus extinguished.

After each of us had a piece of the singed cake, things reverted back to their former states of dancing, drinking, wooing, gaming, guzzling, talking, and quaffing. Doc as usual, as mystically and mysteriously as ever,warded off the numbbing,staggering, drunken state his sneaky concoctions placed others in. The weird metabolism of the Leprechaun (Troll I suspect) protected the bearded one even if he did seem a bit glassyeyed. He retained in total control of his actions while sampling, tasting, drinking everything, an immunity built up over his seven thousand years of life. That is the age he claims and answers too. The only sign of his being under the influence was his saying in a disgruntled, mumbling complaint the following ;"Damn you Mohna han, you ruined me!" which is some sort of give away as Doc rarely e'er curses.

A debate over the pro and cons of religion arose with out getting out of hand battering uselessly at the defenses of the Trollprexy of OSFA. Maintaining the coolness of head Osfa breeds the argumant raged totally in control without any hurt or imflamed feelings. By remaining free of the poisons of the alcoholicic drinks I was able to win out over my antagonists. Sober, straight, all knowing NOMAD,

that I am, it is only natural that I won out in debate over the slightly inebrated lady. Sue Watson then came to the aid of the other Sue (who I had Bearded-heh,heh0) while Bob McCormick came rushing to my aid. Sue Watsons peculiar points of argument and her diplomatic tact edged the debate into a stalemate of perplexity. Doc let the other lady up off his lap to join into and carry onto grater detail the religion discussion obliteraing it in a thousand side discussions. We all slipped off to other endeavors. Doc was first up and out at the mention of a strip poker game, and no further details are mentioned. I didn't see him again prior to leaving.

At this time a frolicsome little imp snuck into the kitchen calling names, tapping people on the back, tripping them and other horrible pranks. Much as we tried none of us could quite catch sight of the little peculiar rascal. As each answered voices without body, tripped over invisible feet, all left the kitchen giving a suspicious glance back trying to locate the little culprit. It is rumoured that he is still lurking in the house. He shows up at a lot of our parties, it must be the smell of the 'brew' that heeds him invitation.

Drunkeness and rowdyism, crying, weeping, laughing, and sad stories of great and half truths were spread. Inebriation flooded the house except for possibley the few bedrooms that I found locked shielded moans, graons and shrieks. Loud and heavy debates raged over misplaced drinks, and what records to play, while people mixed and mingled happy and blearyeyed.

Dismay! Dismay of dismay! Time to depart had finally came. Doc came up from the basement with I know not her name appearing flushed and drunken. He rallied all too suspiciously quickly and started rounding up his passengers and making his farewells. All of the various fancars were loaded and the ardious task of getting us all home began. I know not why, but after taking dark, dreay ,weaving, and none remembered roads thru god knows what back country; and avoiding near collisions of other reckless ,drunkenlike drivers I finally arrived safely at home. This was not the end as my parents awaited my arrival, oo-oh boy, ,but that is . . .the yet untold story of my life! A ghood party.....

Jim Theis : :THE NOMAD

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WELL YOU SEE, IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE AT CHESTER'S BUT,
HE WAS HAVING LANDLORD DIFFICULTIES, SO-O WE MOVED IT TO THE WATSON'S!

When I first met the Watsons about two years ago, I had no idea of what I was getting into. To celebrate release from my summer POW camp I wandered in Friday, the 14th, and engulfed immediately in the querie,"Are you coming to the party for the housewarming tommorrow?"

"Party? Party? What Party?" was all I could think of in the way of a reply.

"Chesters housewarming that's been changed to the Watson's house;"which may sound strange to you who don't know the Watsons' !

"Uh - - well - - uh . . . "

By the time I left Friday, I was , if possible, even more confused. People by the dozens were introduced at me; me who can spend an entire year in the same class with someone and still not know who they are.

Saturday night was unbelieveable. To an innocent person who has only very tenuous contact with humanity, the image of seemingly millions of persons milling around is appalling. I swiftly retreated to the kitchen. Doc appeared a few moments later to ask why I was hiding.

As the night progressed, the party split into three. The living room held those who were engaged in varios discussions and playing the guitars. One bedroom, occasionally called the sauna bath, had a good number listening to tapes and of course, talking over them. The back room had started a twister game until a discussion group ended it by sitting on the mat. The record player provided background for the talk there.

People came and went. A concoction of strawberry ice and creme de menthe was officially christened 'A Science Fiction Sundae'. The night progressed and grew cold, oops old.

Sunday with a few of the survivors scraped themselves together and we went out to breakfast. Not only because the kitchen was out of commission, but no one was fit to look an egg in the eye. We wandered into Parkmoor and found that the conservative Sunday morning crowd disliked having their meal interuppetd by a processions such as ours. Two in maxiskirts, another in a Spiro T. Agnew t-shirt; a bewigged-smoking jacketed,jodphured, besandled Frank carrying an umbrella. Ad to that Doc in green as a Leprechaun plus myself with my deck shoes back on. Our behavior was entirely unconservative and drew every and sober stare. As we traipsed out there was an audible sigh of relief.

Whatever the result, the effects are still to be felt. Some of those there were Fisher,Finch,Caporale,Whittington,Dodson,Clark, the Watsons minus Sally,Sherry with Nichols,Frank X & Chris R, plus Robin and many , many more I didn't know. If I missed you my apologies! Dulce et decorum . . .

by Becky Bierman

A LETTER TO YOU VAMPIRES OUT THERE

Dear Vampires,

How are you? Actually I'm not so fine. I suppose being 450 years old is giving me that run down feeling. (Boy do I ever mean a run down feeling !!!)

I must say I've bitten a few tasty necks lately. You know they just didn't have necks the way they do now. Have you ever bit a neck in which the person had tired corpuscles ? Now I've had my share! What ever you do fellow vampires,watch out !!! Make sure you bite someone that's real peppy inside, especially in their blood, Its us or them.

Fellow vampires have you a rotton coffin? Do you wake up during the night (at sunset) feeling wet and scratchy all over? I suggest you try the super sleep coffin made for the vampire in mind. It comes in a wide variety! Take time to look at mine for instance, it is made of mahogany, the lining is deep lush purple velvet with a tiny satan pillow. The best thing about my coffin is that it is easily moved. The prices are very resonable !! Of course you swining vampires would probably prefer all the modern stuff. Don't fret. They even have modern coffins with an eye-popping lining !! So believe me fellow neck-nectar-nuzzlers, for super sleep when the sun's out, try Super Coffins made just for the vampire in mind.

Oh well, it's a long road for us vampires to travel. Getting up at the suns setting, finding a tasty neck to replenish our blood supply, then going to bed when the rooster crows so that we don't wither away. I better not forget the dirty, old, people who track us down. I've made a sport of killing those kind of people. I think you vampires would find it fun if you haven't tried it yet. I remember once when I had just became a vampire catching someone watching me. Well, like any respectable vampire, I bit him and made him one of us. What a team we were !! We roamed the countryside of Translyvania for nigh on thirty years. By the time the night was over we were drunk with blood. Our great friendship lasted for such a long time, until someone got him with a silver bullet.

Remember fellow vampires that your worst enemies are :sunlight, the cross, a silver bullet, garlic, and vampires' hunters.

Listen, I'll tell you the best kind of girl to bite, these modern girls that are with it. Ha,Ha,Ha! They are my favorites. I get the kind that wears a lot of perfume then I go for her neck. She thinks I'm going to give her a kiss, of course fellow vampires you know I'm actually getting ready to give her a vampire kiss.

Well the rooster just crowed, so I better go now. Take care fellow vampires and be careful,; remember I've been around 450 years.

Your Old Vampire

by Robin Gronemeyer

SOUL SHELL

by Mike Couch

Each of us wears a
Halloween mask all year long.
We Have to, to keep
our nerve endings hidden. To
keep our hopes, and needs, and
hangups, our fears, and prides, and
prejudices, our irrationalities
and our cry-buttons from hanging
out for everyone to stare at.
Or step on.
We wear these shells to work,
to lunch, to meet ngs and to church.
We always keep them handy for when friends drop im.
It's this shel, whether it
button-down, Edwardian, or denim,
that confuses a lot of us in advertising.

If we're not careful, we find ourselves
writing to the mannequin, instead of
to the man inside, which makes our
ad cute, but not convincing, beautiful
but not believable, "swinging"
but wit out substance.
Shell-talk forgets that inside each
of us, no matter how old or youndg we are, is
a person who is worried about his money,
his age, his looks, his health, his happiness,
his family, and whether people like him.
Or Hate him. Or worse, simply ignor him.
The secret of advertising then is to crack
the shell, to talk to the man inside the shell.
Simple it is, but easy, it isn't.
It takes an uncommon und rstanding of
people, great sensitivity and skill, and the
discipline to use them every single time.
But it means the dif erence between an ad
someone skips over and ad someone reads
all the way to the end.

M.C.

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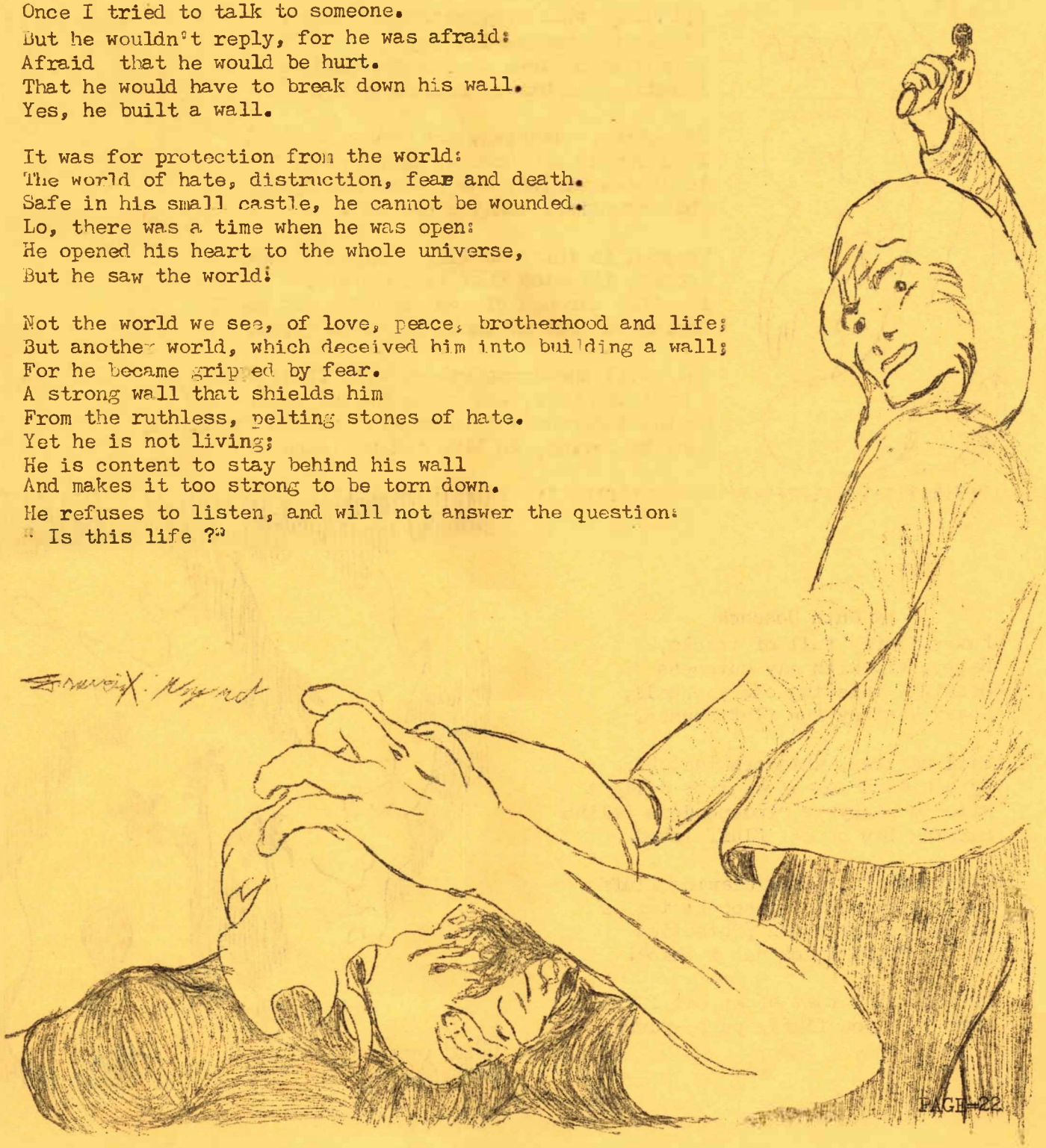
IS THIS LIFE?

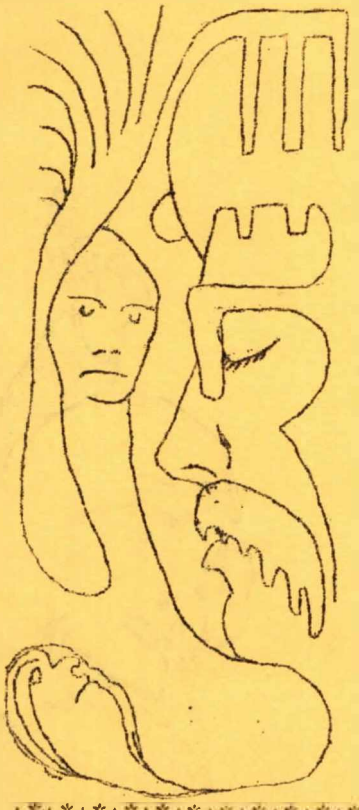
by Mike Couch

Once I tried to talk to someone.
But he wouldn't reply, for he was afraid:
Afraid that he would be hurt.
That he would have to break down his wall.
Yes, he built a wall.

It was for protection from the world:
The world of hate, distruction, fear and death.
Safe in his small castle, he cannot be wounded.
Lo, there was a time when he was open:
He opened his heart to the whole universe,
But he saw the world:

Not the world we see, of love, peace, brotherhood and life;
But another world, which deceived him into building a wall;
For he became gripped by fear.
A strong wall that shields him
From the ruthless, pelting stones of hate.
Yet he is not living;
He is content to stay behind his wall
And makes it too strong to be torn down.
He refuses to listen, and will not answer the question:
"Is this life ?"





MIDNIGHT MADNESS

by Joan Snider

Spinning, whirling, dancing, twirling,
Black and crooked imagery,
Parade themselves across the hurling
Bounds of nightmare scenes to me.

Squeeling, clanking, screaming, crying!
Even sounds conjured up in my mind,
In dreams reflect the misery and dying
That comprises today's mankind.

Trapped in this sad life 'night facade',
Knowing illusion must be complete,
I suffer through visions my soul has made,
Crying out for my thoughts to be freed.

But until the dawns waking with final encore,
I must lie here, endure sweat and burn;
Hoping tomorrow's actuons will change the score,
For: by loving, we live and we learn

FLUFF

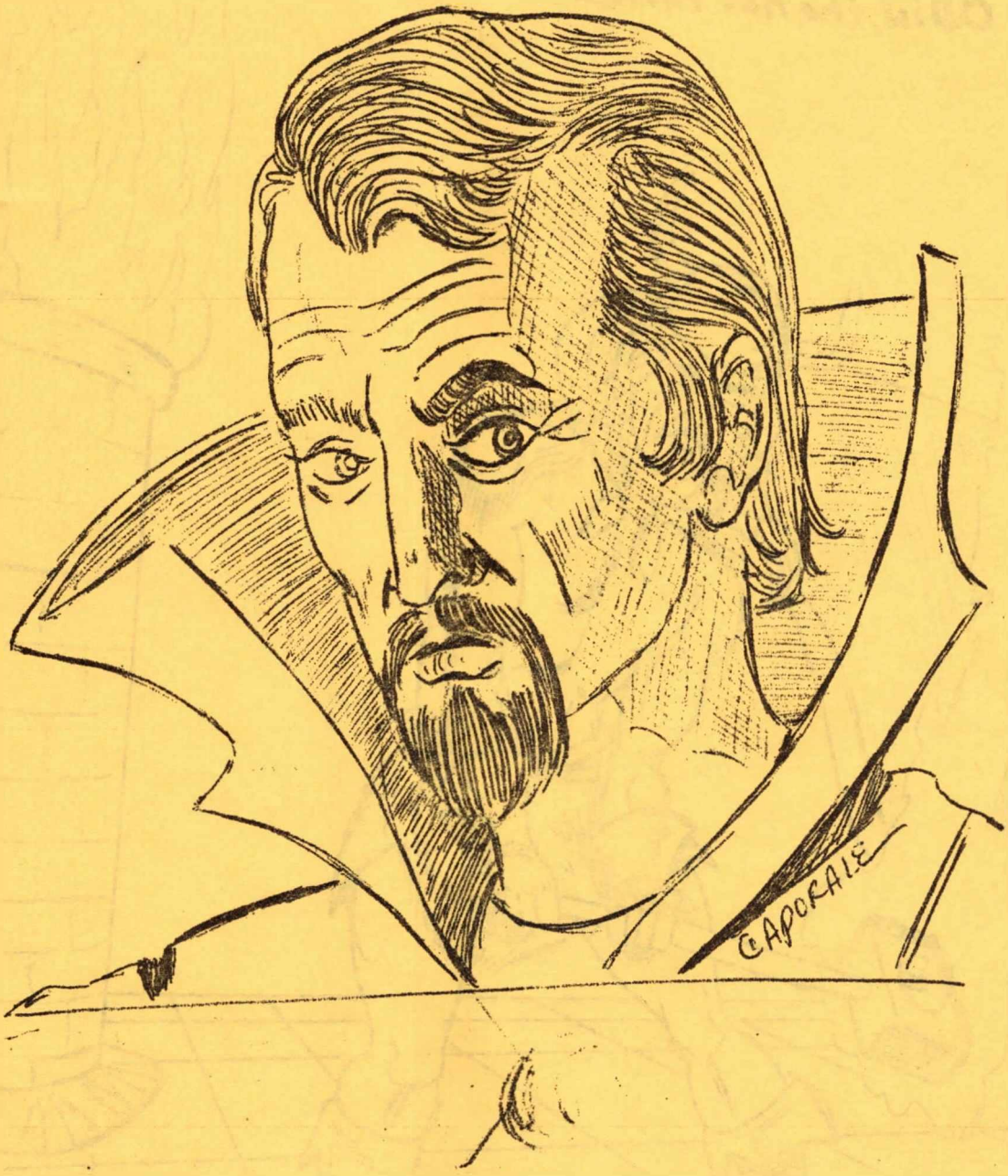
by Ruth Doschek

Furry,fluffy,full of tricks,
Happy,evil with gay cuteness
Messing, twisting ole yarnball,
Heavy kitteny fun fluffpounce.

Tail wagging, whiskers twitching
Eyes widespaced of ageless delight
Nile to alleyway, independent feline
Purring lap pouce, fluff loved

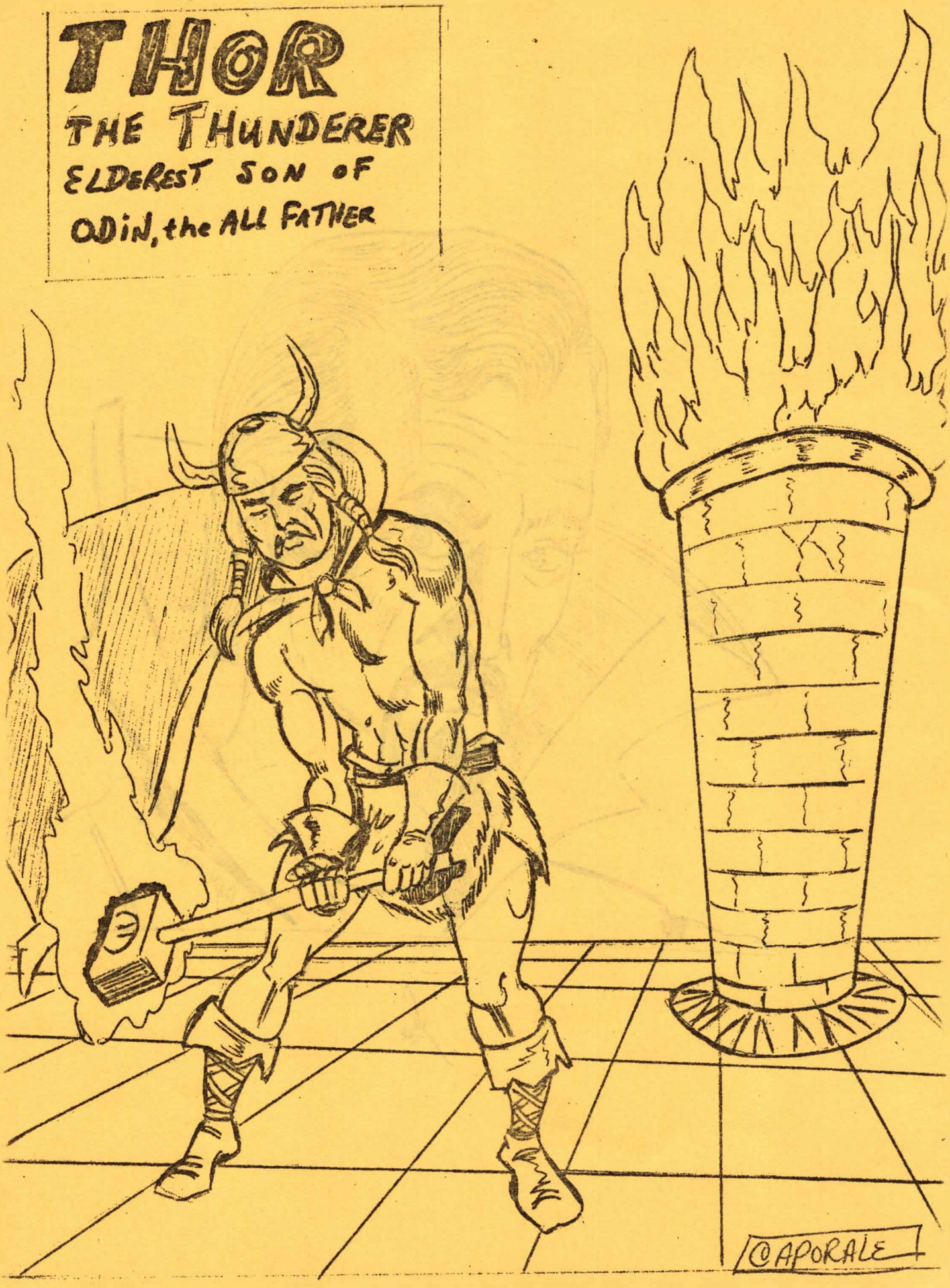
Heart seizing hairy clawing fluff
Quick backarching innocent terror
Iappounce for human protection
Kitten Fluff likes me, i think!

If you think that of my cat I lie
Purr damn you fluff, purr, purr!


CAPORALE

THOR

THE THUNDERER
ELDEREST SON OF
ODIN, the ALL FATHER



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LOKI DECEIVING
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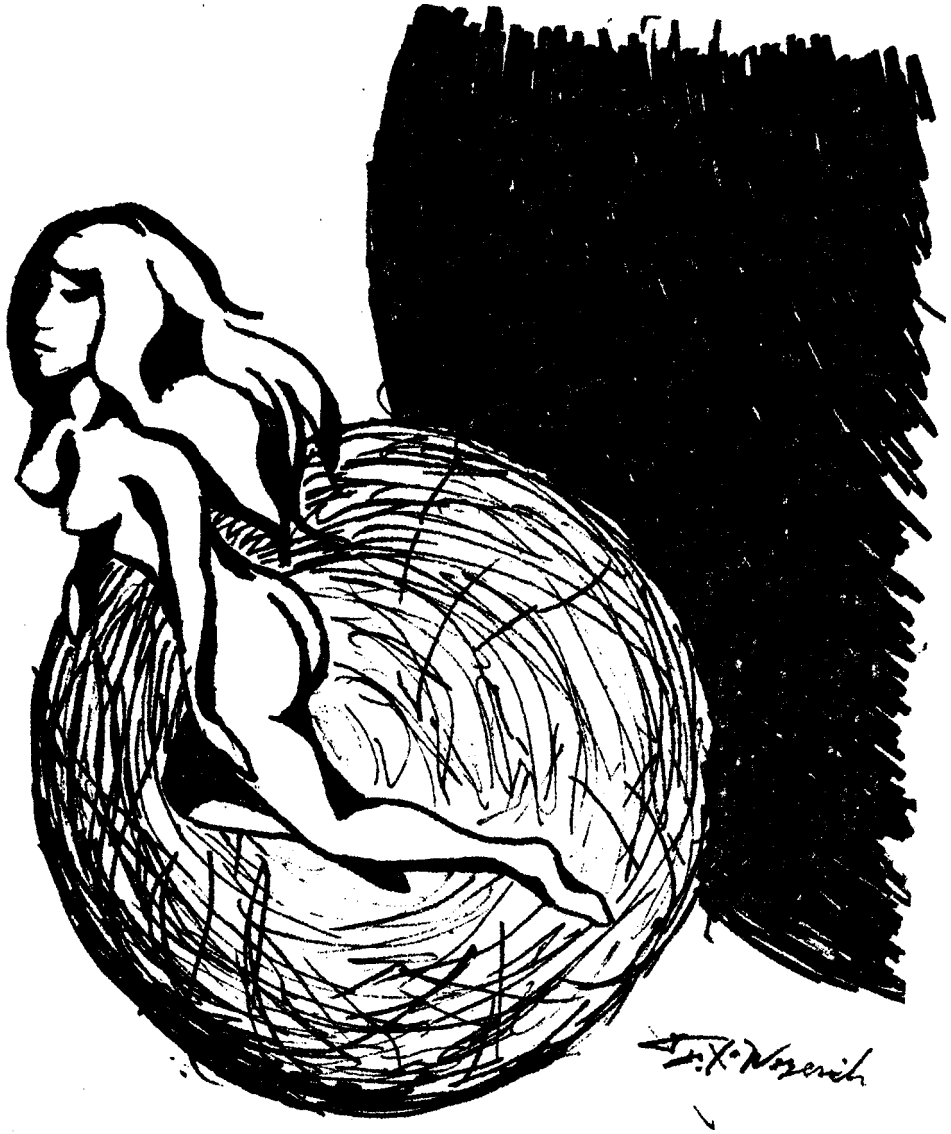

THE EYE OF ARGON

by Jim Theis

The weather beaten trail wound ahead into the dust racked climes of the baren land which dominates large portions of the Noregolian empire. Age worn hoof prints smothered by the sifting sands of time shone dully against the dust splattered crust of earth. The tireless sun cast its parching rays of incandescense from overhead, half way through its daily revolution. Small rodents scampered about, occupying themselves in the daily accomplishments of their dismal lives. Dust sprayed over three heaving mounts in blinding clouds, while they bore the burdonsome cargoes of their struggling overseers.

"Prepare to embrace your creators in the stygian haunts of hell, barbarian", gasped the first soldier.

"Only after you have kissed the fleeting stead of death, wretch!" returned Grignr.

A sweeping blade of flashing steel riveted from the massive barbarians hide enameled shield as his rippling right arm thrust forth, sending a steel shod blade to the hilt into the soldiers vital organs. The disemboweled mercenary crumpled from his saddle and sank to the clouded sward, sprinking the parched dust with crimson droplets of escaping life fluid.

The enthused barbarian swilveled about, his shock of fiery red hair tossing robustly in the humid air currents as he faced the attack of the defeated soldier's fellow in arms.

"Damn you,barbarian" Shrieked the soldier as he observed his comrade in death.

A gleaming scimitar smote a heavy blow against the renegade's spiked helmet, bringing a heavy cloud over the Ecordian's misting brain. Shaking off the effects of the pounding blow to his head, Grignr brought down his scarlet streaked edge against the soldier's crudely forged hauberk, clanging harmlessly to the left side of his opponent. The soldier's stead whinnied as he directed the horse back from the driving blade of the barbarian. Grignr leashed his mount forward as the hoarsely piercing battle cry of his wilderness bred race resounded from his grinding lungs. A twirling blade bounced harmlessly from the mighty thief's buckler as his rolling right arm cleft upward, sending a foot of blinding steel ripping through the Simarian's exposed gullet. A gasping gurgle from the soldier's writhing mouth as he tumbled to the golden sand at his feet, and wormed agonizingly in his death bed.

Grignr's emerald green orbs glared lustfully at the wallowing soldier strugg-ling before his chestnut swirled mount. His scowling voice reverberated over the dying form in a tone of mocking mirth. "You city bred dogs should learn not to antagonize your better." Reining his weary mount ahead, grignr resumed his journey to the Noregolian city of Gorzam, hoping to discover wine, women, and adventure to boil the wild blood coarsing through his savage veins.

The trek to Gorzom was forced upon Grignr when the soldiers of Crin were leashed upon him by a faithless concubine he had wooed. His scandalous activities throughout the Simarian city had unleashed throngs of havoc and uproar among it's refined patricians, leading them to tack a heavy reward over his head. He had barely managed to escape through the back entrance of the inn he had been guzzling in, as a squad of soldiers tounced upon him. After spilling a spout of blood from the leader of the mercenaries as he dismembered one of the officer's arms, he retreated to his mount to make his way towards Gorzom, rumoured to contain hoards of plunder, and many young wenches for any man who has the backbone to wrest them away.

-2-

Arriving after dusk in Gorzom,grignr descended down a dismal alley, reining his horse before a beaten tavern. The redhaired giant strode into the dimly lit hostelry reeking of foul odors, and cheap wine. The air was heavy with chocking fumes spewing from smolderingtorches encased within theden's earthen packed walls. Tables were clustered with groups of drunken thieves, and cutthroats, tossing dice, or making love to willing prostitutes.

Eyeing a slender female crouched alone at a nearby bench, Grignr advanced wishing to wholesomely occupy his time. The flickering torches cast weird shafts of luminescence dancing over the half naked harlot of his choice, her stringy orchid twines of hair swaying gracefully over the lithe opaque nose, as she raised a halff drained mug to her pale red lips.

Glancing upward, the alluring complexion noted the stalwart giant as he rapidly approached. A faint glimmer sparked from the pair of deep blue ovals of the amorous female as she motioned toward Grignr, enticing him to join her. The barbarian seated himself upon a stool at the wenches side, exposing his body, na ed save for a loin cloth brandishing a long steel broad sword, an iron spiraled battle helmet, and a thick leather sandals, to her unobstructed view.

" Thou hast need to occupy your time, barbarian",questioned the female?

"Only if something worth offering is within my reach." Stated Grignr,as his hands crept to embrace the tempting female, who welcomed them with o en willingness.

"From where do you come barbarian, and by what are you called?" Gasped the complying wench, as Grignr smothered her lips with the blazing touch of his flaming mouth.

The engrossed titan ignored the queries of the inquisitive female, pulling her towards him and crushing her sagging nipples to his yearning chest. Without struggle she gave in, winding her soft arms around the harshly bronzedhide of Grignr corded shoulder blades, as his calloused hands caressed her firm protruding busts.

"You make love well wench," Admitted Grignr as he reached for the vessel of p potent wine his charge had been quaffing.

A flying foot caught the mug Grignr had taken hold of, sending its blood red contents sloshing over a flickering crescent; leashing tongues of bright orange flame to the foot trodden floor.

"Remove yourself Sirrah, the wench belongs to me;" Blabbered a drunken soldier, too far consumed by the influences of his vile brew to take note of the superior size of his adversary.

Grignr lithly bounded from the startled female, his face lit up to an ashen red ferocity, and eyes locked in a searing feral blaze toward the swaying soldier.

"To hell with you , braggard!" Bellowed the angered Ecordian, as he hefted his finely honed broad sword.

The staggering soldier clumsily reached towards the pommel of his dangling sword, but before his hands ever touched the oaken hilt a silvered flash was slicing the heavy air. The thews of the savages lashing right arm bulged from the glistening bronzed hide as his blade bit deeply into the soldiers neck, loping off the confused head of his senseless tormentor.

With a nauseating thud the severed oval toppled to the floor, as the segregated torso of Grignr's bovine antagonist swayed, then collapsed in a pool of swirled crimson.

In the confusion the soldier's fellows confronted Grignr with unsheathed cutlasses, directed toward the latters scowling make-up.

"The slut should have picked his quarry more carefully!" Roared the victor in a mocking baritone growl, as he wiped his dripping blade on the prostrate form, and returned it to its scabbard.

"The fool should have shown more prudence, however you shall rue your actions while rotting in the pits. Stated one of the sprawled soldier's comrades.

Grignr's hand began to remove his blade from its leather housing, but retarded the motion in face of the blades waving before his face.

"Dismiss your hand from the hilt, barbarbian, or you shall find a foot of steel sheathed in your gizzard."

Grignr weighed his position observing his plight, where-upon he took the soldier's advice as the only logical choice. To attempt to hack his way from his pre-sent predicament could only warrant certain death. He was of no mind to bring upon his own demise if an alternate path presented itself. The will to necessitate his life forced him to yeild to the superior force in hopes of a moment of carlessness later upon the part of his captors in which he could effect a more plausible means of escape.

"You may steady your arms, I will go without a struggle."

"Your decision is a wise one, yet perhaps you would have been better off had you forced death," the soldier's mouth wrinkled to a sadistic grin of knowing mirth as he prodded his prisoner on with his sword point.

After an indiscriminate period of marching through sl[illegible]ways and dim moonlighted streets the procession confronted a m[illegible]sive seraglio. The palace area was surrounded by an iron grating, with a lush garden upon all sides.

The group was admitted through the gilded gateway and Grignr was ledalong a stone pathway bordered by plush vegitation lustfully enhanced by the moon's shimmering rays. Upon reaching the palace the group was granted entrance, and after several minutes of explanation, led through several winding corridors to a richly draped chamber.

Confronting the group was a short stocky man seated upona golden throne. Tapestries of richly draped regal blue silk covered all walls of the chamber, while the steps leading to the throne were plated with sparkling white ivory. The man upon the throne had a naked wench seated at each of his arms, and a trusted advisor seated in back of him. At each cornwr of the chamber a guard stood at attention, with upraised pikes supported in their hands, golden chainmail adorning their torso's and barred helmets emitting scarlet plumes enshrouding their heads. The man rose from his throne to the dias surrounding it. His plush turquois robe dangled loosely from his chunky frame.

The soldiers surrounding Grignr fell to their knees with heads bowed to the stone masonry of the floor in fearful dignity to their sovereign, leige.

"Explain the purpose of this intrusion upon my chateau!"

"Your sirenity, resplendent in noble grandeur, we have brought this yokel before you (the soldier gestured toward Grignr) for the redress or your all knowing wisdom in judgement regarding his fate."

"Down on your knees, lout, and pay proper homage to your sovereign!" commanded the pudgy noble of Grignr.

"By the surly beard of Mrifk, Grignr kneels to no man!" scowled the massive barbarian.

"You dare to deal this blasphemous act to me! You are indeed brave stranger, yet your valor smacks of foolishness."

"I find you to be the only fool, sitting upon your pompous throne, enhancing the rolling flabs of your belly in the midst of your elaborate luxuryand . . ." The soldier standing at Grignr's side smote him heavily in the face with the flat of his sword, cutting short the harsh words and knocking his battered helmet to the masonry with an echo-ing clang.

The paunchy noble's sagging round face flushed suddenly pale, then pastily lit up to a lustrous cherry red radiance. His lips trembled with malicious rage, while emitting a muffled sibilant gibberish. His sagging flabs rolled like a tub of upset jelly, then compressed as he sucked in his gut in an attempt to conceal his softness.

The prince regained his statue, then spoke to the soldiers surrounding Grignr, his face conforming to an ugly expression of sadistic humor.

"Take this uncouth heathen to the vault of misery, and be sure that his agonies are long and drawn out before death can release him."

"As you wish sire, your command shall be heeded immediately," answered the soldier on the right of Grignr as he stared into the barbarians seemingly unaffected face.

The advisor seated in the back of the noble slowly rose and advanced to the side of his master, motioning the wenches seated at his sides to remove themselves. He lowered his head and whispered to the noble.

"Eminence, the purnishment you have decreed will cause much misery to this scum, yet it will last only a short time, then release him to a land beyond the sufferings of the human body. Why not mellow him in one of the subterranean vaults for a few days, then send him to life labor in one of your buried mines. To one such as he, a life spent in the confinement of the stygian pits will be an infinitely more appropiate and lasting torture."

The noble cupped his drooping double chin in the folds of his briming palm, meditating for a moment upon the rationality of the councilor's word's, then raised his shaggy brown eyebrows and turned towards the advisor, eyes aglow.

". . .As always Agafnd, you speak with great wisdom. Your words ring of great knowledge concerning the nature of one such as he ," sayeth , the king. The noble turned towards the prisoner with a noticable shimmer reflecting in his frog-like eyes, and his lips contorting to a greasy grin. "I have decided to void my previous decree. The prisoner shall be removed to one of the palaces underground vaults. There he shall stay until I have decided that he has sufficiently simmered, whereupon he is to be allowed to spend the remainder of his days at labor in one of my mines."

Upon hearing this, Grignr realized that his fate would be far less merciful than death to one such as he, who is used to roaming the countryside at will. A life of confinement would be more than his body and mind could stand up to. This type of life would be immeasurably worse than death.

"I shall never understand the ways if your twisted civilization. I simply defend my honor and am condemned to life confinement, by a pig who sits on his royal ass wooing whores, and knows nothing of the affairs of the land he imagines to rule!" Lectures Grignr ?

"Enough of this! Away with the slut before I loose my control!"

Seeing the peril of his position, Grignr searched for an opening. Crushing prudence to the sward, he plowed into the soldier at his left arm taking hold of his sword, and bounding to the dias supporting the prince before the startled guards could regain their composure. Agafnd leaped Grignr and his sire, but found a sword blade permeating the length of his ribs before he could loosed his weapon.

The councilor slumped to his knees as Grignr slid his crimsoned blade from Agfnd's rib cage. The fat prince stood undulating in insurmountable fear before the edge of the fiery maned comet, his flabs of jellied blubber pulsating to and fro in ripples of flowing terror.

"Where is your wisdom and power now, your magjesty?" Growled Grignr.

The prince went rigid as Grignr discerned him glazing over his shoulder. He swlived to note the cause of the noble's attention, raised his sword over his head, and prepared to leash a vicious downwqrd cleft, but fell short as the haft of a steel rimed pike clashed against his unguarded skull. Then blackness and solitude. Silence enshrouding and ever peaceful reind supreme.

"Before me, sirrah! Before me as always! Ha, Ha Ha, Haaaa . . . ; nobly cackled.

-3-

Consciousness returned to Grignr in stygmatic pools as his mind gradually cleared of the cobwebs cluttering its inner recesses, yet the stygian cloud of char-coal ebony remained. An incompatible shield of blackness, enhanced by the bleak abscense of sound.

Grignr's muddled brain reeled from the shock of the blow he had recieved to the base of his skull. The events leading to his predicament were slow to filter back to him. He dickered with the notion that he was dead and had descended or sunk, however it may be, to the shadowed land beyond the the aperature of the grave, but rejected this hypothesis when his memory sifted back within his grips. This was not the land of the dead, it was something infinitely more precarious than anything the grave could offer. Death promised an infinity of peace, not the finite misery of an inactive life of confined torture, forever concealed from the life bearing shafts of the beloved rising sun. The orb that had been before taken for granted, yet now cherished above all else. To be forever refused further glimpses of the snow capped summits of the land of his birth, never again to witness the thrill of plundering unexplored lands beyond the crest of a bleeding horizon, and perhaps worst of all the denial to ever again encompass the lustful excitement of caressing the naked curves of the body of a trim yound wench.

This was indeed one of the buried chasms of Hell concealed within the inner depths of the palace's despised interior. A fearful ebony chamber devised to drive to the brinks of insanity the minds of the unfortunately condemned, through the inapt solitude of a limbo of listless dreary silence.

-3½-

A tightly rung elliptical circle of torches cast their wavering shafts prancing morbidly over the smooth surface of a rectangular, ridged altar. Expertly chisled

forms of grotesque gargoyles graced the oblique rim protruberating the length of the grim orifice of death, staring forever ahead into nothingness in complete ignorance of the bloody rites enacted in their prescence. Brown flaking stains decorated the golden surface of the ridge surrounding the altar, which banked to a small slit at the lower right hand corner of the altar. The slit stood above a crudely pounded pail which had several silver meshed chalices hanging at its sides. Dangling at the rimof golden mallet, the handle of which was engraved with images of twisted faces and groved at its far end with slots designed for a snug hand grip. The head of the mallet was slightly larger than a clenched fist and shaped into a smooth oval mass.

Encircling the marble altar was a congregation of leering shamen. Eerie chants of a bygone age, originating unknown eons before the memory of man, were being uttered from the buried recesses of the acolytes' deep lings. Orange paint was smeared in generous globules over the tops of thw Priests' wrinkled shaven scalps, while golden rings projected from the lobes of their pink ears. Ornate robes of lusciour purple satin enclosed their bulging torsos, attached around their waists with silvered silk lashes latched with ebony buckles in the shape of morose misshaped skulls. Dangling around their necks were oval fashoned medalions held by thin gold chains, featuring in their centers blood red rubys which resembled crimson fetish eyeballs. Cushoning their bare feet were plush red felt slippers with pointed golden spikes projecting from their tips.

Situated in front of the altar, and directly adjacent to the copper pail was a massive jade idol; a misshaped, hideous bust of the shamens' pagan diety. The shimmering green idol was placed in a sitting posture on an ornately carved golden throne raised upon a round, dvory plated dias; it bulging arms and webbed hands resting on the padded arms of the seat. Its head was entwined in golden snake-like coils hanging over its oblong ears, which tappered off to thin hollow points. Its nose was a bulging triangular mass, sunken in at its sides with tow gaping nostrils. Dramatic beneath the nostrils was a twisted, shaggy lipped mouth, giving the impression of a slovering sadistic grimace.

At the foot of the heathen diety a slender, pale faced female, naked but for a golden, jeweled harness enshrouding her huge outcropping breasts, supporting long silver laces which extended to her thigh, stood before the pearl white field with noticable shivers traveling up and down the length of her exquisitedy molded body. Her delicate lips trembled beneath soft narrow hands as she attemped to conceal herself from the piercing stare of the ambivalent idol.

Glaring directly down towards her was the stoney, cycloptic face of the bloated diety. Gaping from its single obling socket was scintillating, many fauceted scarlet emerald, a brilliant gem seeming to possess a life all of its own. A priceless gleaming stone, capable of domineering the wealth of conquering empires... the eye of Argon.

- 4 -

All knowledge of measuring time had escaped Grignr. When a person is deppived of the sun, moon, and stars, he looses all conception of time as he had previously understood it. It seemed as if years had passed if time was being measured by terms of misery and mental anguish, yet he estimated that his stay had only been

a few days in length. He has slept three times and had been fed five times since his awakening in the crypt. However, when the actions of a body are restricted its needs are also affected. The need for nourishment and slumber are directly proportional to the functions the body has performed, meaning that when free and active Grignr may become hungry every six hours and witness the desire for sleep every fifteen hours, whereas in his present condition he may encounter the need for food every ten hours , and the want for rest every twenty hours. All methods he had before depended upon were extinct in the dismal pit. Hence, he may have been imprisoned for ten minutes or ten years, he did not know, resulting in a disheartened emotion deep within his being.

The food, if you can honor the moldering lumps of fetid mush to that extent, was born to him by two guards who opened a portal at the top of his enclosure and shoved it to him in wooden bowls, retrieving the food and water bowels from his previous meal at the same time, after which they threw back the bolts on the ironlatch and returned to their other duties. Since deprived of all other means of nourishment, Grignr was impelled to eat the tainted slop in order to ward off the pangs of starvation, though as he stuffed it into his mouth with his filthy fingers and struggled to force it down his throat, he imagined it was that which had been spurned by the hounds stationed at various segments of the palace.

There was little in the baren vault that could occupy his body or mind. He had paced out the length and width of the enclosure time and time again and tested every granite slab which consisted the walls of the prison in hopes of finding a hidden passage to freedom, all of which was to no avail other than to keep him busy and distract his mind from wandering to thoughts of what he believed was his future. He had memorized the number of strides from one end to the other of the cell, and knew the exact number of slabs which made up the bleak dungeon. Numorous schemes were introduced and alternately discarded in turn as they succored to unravel to him no means of escape which stood the slightest chance of sucess.

Anguish continued to mount as his means of occupation were rapidly exhaus t-ed. Suddenly without no tive, he wasrouted from his contemplations as he detected a faint scratching sound at the end of the crypt opposite him. The sound seemed to be causedby something trying to scrape away at the grantite blocks the floor of the enclosure consisted of, the sandy scratching of something like an animal's claws.

Grignr gradually groped his way to the other end of the vault carefully feeling his way along with his hands ahead of him. When a few inches from the wall, a loud, penetrating squeal, and the scampering of small padded feet reverberated from the walls of the roughly hewn chamber.

Grignr threw his hands up to shield his face, and flung himself backwards upon his buttocks. A fuzzy form bounded to his hairy chest, burying its talons in his flesh while gnashing towards his throat with its grinding white teeth;its sour , fetid breath scortching the sqirming barbarians dilating nostrils. Grignr grappled with the lashing flexor muscles of the repugnant body of a garganuan brownhided rat, striving to hold its razor teeth from his juicy jugular, as its beady grey organs of sight glazed into the flaring emeralds of its prey.

Taking hold of the rodent around its lean, growling stomach with both hands Grignr pried it from his crimson rent breast, removing small patches of flayed flesh from his chest in the motion between the squalid black claws of the starving beast. Holding the rodent at arms length, he cupped his righthand over its frothing face, contracting his fingers into a vice-like fist over the quivering head. Retaining his grips on the rat, grignr flexed his outstretched arms while slowly twisting his right hand clockwise and his left hand counter clockwise motion. The rodent let out a tortured squall, drawing scarlet as it violently dug its foam flecked fangs into the barbarians sweating palm, causing his face to contort to an ugly grimace as he cursed beneath his braeth.

With a loud crack the rodents head parted from its squirming torso, sending out a sprinking shower of crimson gore, and trailing a slimy string of disjointed vertebrae, snapped trachea, esophagus, and jugular, disjointed hyoid bone, morose purpled stretched hide, and blood seared muscles.

Flinging the broken body to the floor, Grignr shook his blood streaked hands and wiped them against his thigh until dry, then wiped the blood that had showered his face and from his eyes. Again sitting himself upon the jagged floor, he prepared to once more revamp his glum meditations. He told himself that as long as he still breathed the gust of life through his lungs, hope was not lost; he told himself this, but found it hard to comprehend in his gloomy surroundings. Yet he was still alive, his bulging sinews at their peak of marvel, his struggling mind floating in a miral of impressed excellence of thought. Plot after plot sifted through his mind in energetic contemplations.

Then it hit him. Minutes may have passed in silent thought or days, he could not tell, but he stumbled at last upon a plan that he considered as holding a slight margin of plausibility. He might die in the attempt, but he knew he would not submit without a final bloody struggle. It was not a foolproof plan, yet it built up a store of renewed vortexed energy in his overwroughtsoul, though he might perish in the execution of the escape, he would still be escaping the life of infinite torture in store forhim. Either way he would still cheat the gloating prince of the succored revenge his sadistic mind craved so dearly.

The guards would soon come to bear him off to the prince's buried mines of dread, giving him the sought after opportunity to execute his newly formulated plan. Groping his way along the rough floor Grignr finally found his tool in a pool of congealed gore; the carcass of the decapitated rodent; the tool that the very filth he had been sentenced too, spawned. When the time came for action he would have to be prepared, so he set himself to rending the sticky hulk in grim silence, searching by the touch of his fingertips for the lever to freedom.

-5-

"Up to the altar and be done with it wench;" ordered a fidgeting shaman as he gave the female a grim stare accompanied by the wrinkling of his lips to a mirthful grin of delight.

The girl burst into a slow steady whimper, stooping shakily to her knees and cringing woeful'y from the priest with both arms wound snake-like around the bulging jade jade shin rising before her scantily attired figure. Her face was redly inflamed from the salty flow of tears spouting from her glassy dilated eyeballs.

With short, heavy footfals the priest approached the female, his piercing stare never wavering from her quivering young countenance. Halting before the terrified girl he projected his arm outward and motioned her to arise with an upward movemet of his hand. the girl's whimpering increased slightly and she sunk closer to the floor rather than arising. The flickering torches outlined her trim build with a weird ornate glow as it cast a ghostly shadow dancing in horrid waves of splendor over smoothly worn whiteness of the marble hewn altar.

The shaman's lips curled back farther, exposing a set of blackened, decaying molars which transformed his slovenly grin into a wide greasy arc of sadistic mirth and alternately interposed into the female a strong sensation of stomach curdling nausea. "Have it as you will female;" gloated the enhanced priest as he bent over at his waist, projecting his ape-like arms forward, and clasped the female's slender arms with his hairy round fists. With an inward surge of his biceps he harshly jerked the trembling girl to her feet and smothered her salty wet cheeks with the moldy touch of his decrepid, dull red lips.

The vile stench of the Shaman's hot fetid breath over came the nauseated female with a deep soul searing sickness, causing her to wrench her head backwards and regurgitate a slimy, orange-white stream of swelling gore over the richly woven purple robe of the enthused acolyte.

The priest's lips trembled with a malicious rage as he removed his callous paws from the girl's arms and replaced them with tightly around her undulating neck, shaking her violently to and fro.

The girl gasped a tortured groan from her clamped lungs, her sea blue eyes bulging forth from damp sockets. Cocking her right foot backwards, she leashed it desperately outwards with the strength of a demon possessed, lodging her sandled foot squarely between the shaman's testicles.

The startled priest released his crushing grip, crimping his body over at the waist overlooking his recessed belly; wide open in a deep chasim. His face flushed to a rose red shade of crimson, eyelids fluttering wide with eyeballs protruding blindly outwards from their sockets to their outmost perimeters, while his lips quivered wildly about allowing an agonized wallow to gust forth as his breath billowed from burning lungs. His hands reached out clutching his urinary gland as his knees wobbled rapidly about for a few seconds then buckled, causing the ruptured shaman to collapse in an egg huddled mass to the granite pavement, rolling helplessly about in his agony.

The pathetic screeches of the shaman groveling in dejected misery upon the hand hewn granite laid pavement, worn smooth by countless hours of arduous sweat and toil, a welter of ichor oozing through his clenched hands, attracted the purturbed attention of his comrades from their foetid ulations. The actions of this this rebellious wench bespoke the creedence of an unheard of sacrilige. Never before in a

lost maze of untold eons had a chosen one dared to demonstrate such blasphemy in the face of the cult's idolic diety.

The girl cowered in unreasoning terror, helpless in the face of the emblazoned acolytes' rage; her orchid tusseled face smothered betwixt her bulging bosom as she shut her curled lashed tightly hoping to open them and find herself awakening from a morbid nightmare. yet the hand of destiny decreed her no such mercy, the antagonized pack of leering shaman converging tensely upon her prostrate form were entangled all too lividly in the grim web of reality.

Shuddering from the clamy touch of the shaman as they grappled with her supple form,hands wrenching at her slender arms and legs in all directions, her bare body being molested in the midst of a labyrnth of orange smudges, purpled satin, and mangled skulls, shadowed in an eerie crimson glow; her confused head reeled then clouded in a mist of ensh rouding ebony as she lapsed beneath the protective sheet of unconsiousness to a land peach and resign.

-6-

"Take hold of this rope," said the first soldier, "and climb out from your pit, slut. Your presence is requested in another far deeper hell hole."

Grignr slipped his right hand to his thigh, concealing a small opague object beneath the folds of the g-string wrapped about his waist. Brine wells swelled in Grignr's cold , jade squinting eyes, which grown accustomed to the gloom of the stygian pools of ebony engulfing him, were bedaz led and blinded by flickerer -ing radiance cast forth by the second soldiers's resin torch.

Tightly gripped in the second soldier's right hand, opposite the intermittent torch, was a large double edged axe, a long leather wound oaken handled transfixing the center of the weapon's iron head. Adorning the torso's of both of the sentries were thin yet sturdy hauberks, the breatplates of which were woven of tightly hemmed twines of reinforced silver braiding. Cupping the soldiers' feet were thick leather sandals, wound about their shins to two inches below their knees. Wrapped about their waists were wide satin girdles, with slender bladed poniards dangling loosely from them, the hilts of which featured scarlet encrusted gems. Resting upon the manes of their heads, and reaching midway to their brows were smooth copper morions. Spiraling the lower portion of the helmet were short, upcurved silver spikes, while a golden hump spired from the top of each bas net. Beneath their chins, wound around their necks, and draping their clad shoulders dangled regal purple satin cloaks, which flowed midway to the soldiers feet.

hand over hand, feet braced against the d nk walls of the enclosure, huge Grignr ascended from the moldering dephs of the forlorn abyss. His swelled limbs, stiff due to the boredom of a timeless inactivity, compounded by the musty atmosture and jagged granite protuberan against his body, craved for action. The opportunity now presenting itself served the purpose of oiling his rusty j ints, and honing his dulled senses.

He braced himself, facing the second soldier. The sentry's stature was was wildly exaggerated in the glare of the flickering cresset cuppex in his right fist. His eyes were wide open in a slightly slanted owlish glaze, enhanced in their sinister intensity by the hawk-bill curve of his nose andpale yellow pique of his cheeks.

"Place your hands behind your back," said the second soldier as he raised his axe over his right shoulder blade and cast it a wavering glance. "We must bind your wrists to parry any attempts at escape. Be sure to make the knot a stout one, Broig, we wouldn't want our guest to take leave of our guidance."

Broig grasped Grignr's left wrist and reached for the barbarians's right wrist. Grignr wrenched his right arm free and swiveled to face Broig, reach- beneath his loin cloth with his right hand. The sentry grappled at his girdle for the sheathed dagger, but recoiled short of his intentions as Grignr's right arm swept to his gorge. The soldier went limp, his bobbing eyes rolling beneath fluttering eyelids, a deep welt across his spouting gullet. Without lingering to observe the result of his efforts, Grignr dropped to his knees. The second soldier's axe cleft over Grignr's head in a blze of silvered ferocity, severing several scarlet locks from his scalp. Coming to rest in his fellow's stomach, the iron head crashed through mail and flesh with splintering force, spilling a pool of crimsoned entrails over the granite paving.

Before the sentry could wrench his axe free from his comrade's carcass, he found Grignr's massive hands clasped about his throat, choking the life from his clamped lungs. With a zealous grunt, the Ecordian flexed his tightly corded biceps, forcing the grim faced soldier to one knee. The sentry plunged his right fist into Grignr's face, digging his grimy nails into the barbarians flesh. Ejaculating a curse through rasping teeth, grignr surged the bulk of his weight foreard,bowling the beseiged soldier over upon his back. The sentry's arms collapsed to his thigh, shuddering convulsively; his bulging eyes staring blindly from a bloated ,cherry red face.

Rising to his feet, Grignr shook the bllod from his eyes, ruffling his surly red mane as a brush fire swaying to the nightime breeze. Stooping over the spr sprawled corpse of the first soldier, Grignr retrieved a small white object from a pool of congealing gore. Snorting a gusty billow of mirth, he once more concealed th e tiny object beneath his loin cloth; the tediously honed pelvis bone of the broken rodent. Returning his attention towards the second soldier, Grignr turned to the task of attiring his limbs. To move about freely through the dim recesses of the castle would require the grotesque garb of its soldiery.

Utilizing the silence and stealth aquired in the untamed climbs of his childhood, Grignr slink through twisting corridors, and winding stairways, lighting his way with the confisticated torch of his dispatched guardian. Knowing where his steps were leading to, Grignr meandered aimlessly in search of an exit from the chateau's dim confines. The wild blood coarsing through his veins yearned for the undefiled freedom of the livid wilderness lands.

Coming upon a fork in the passage he treaked, voices accompanied by clinking footfalls discerned to his sensitive ears from the left corridor. Wishing to avoid contact, Grignr veered to the right passageway. If aquested as to the purpose of his presence, his barbarous accent would reveal his identity, being that his attire was not that of the castle's mercenary troops.

In grim silence Grignr treaded down the dingily lit corridor; a stalking panther creeping warily along on padded feet. After an interminable period of wandering through the dull corridors; no gaps to break the monotony of the cold gray walls, Grignr espied a small winding stairway. Descending the flight of arced granite slabs to their posterior, Grignr was confronted by a short haalway leading to a tall arched wooden doorway.

Halting before the teeming portal portal, Grignr restes his shaggy head sidewise against the barrier. Detecting no sounds from within, he grasped the looped metel handle of the door; his arms surging with a tremendous effort of bulging muscles, yet the door would not budge. Retrieving his axe from where he had sheathed it beneath his girdle, he hefted it in his mighty hands with an apiesed grunt, and wedging one of its blackened edges into the crack between the portal and its iron rimed sill. Bracing his sandaled right foot against the rougjly hewn wall, teeth tightly clenched, Grignr appilevered the oaken haft, employing it as a lever whereby to pry open the barrier. The leather wound hilt bending to its utmost limits of endurance, the massive portal swung open with a grating of snapped latch and rusty iron hinges.

Glancing about the dust swirled room in the gloomily dancing glare of his flickering cresset, Grignr eyed evidences of the enclosure being nothing more than a forgotten storeroom. Miscellaneous articles requird for the maintenance of a castle were piled in disorganized heaps at infrequent intervals towards the wall opposite the barbarian's piercing stare. Utilizing long, bounding strides, Grignr paced his way over to the mounds of supplies to discover if any articles of value were contained within their midst.

Detecting a faint clinking sound, Grignr sprawled to his left side with the speed of a striking cobra, landing harshly upon his back; torch and axe loudly clattering to the floor in a morass of sparks and flame. A elmwoven board leaped from collapsed flooring, clashing against the jagged flooring and spewing a shower of orange and yellow sparks over Grignr's startled face. Rising uneasily to his feet, the half stunned Ecordian glared down at the grusome arm of death he had unwittingly sprung. "Mrifk!"

If not for his keen auditory organs and lighting steeled reflexes, Grignr would have been groping through the shadowed hell-pits of the Grim Reaper. He had unknowingly stumbled upon an ancient, long forgotten booby trap; a mistake which would have stunted the perusal of longevity of one less agile. A mechanism, similiar in type to that of a minature catapult was concealed beneath two collapsable sections of granite flooring. The arm of the device was four feet long, boasting razor like cleats at regular intervals along its face with which it was to skewer the luckless body of its would be victim. Grignr had stepped upon a concealed catch which released a small metal latch beneath the two granite sections, causing them to fall inward, and thereby loose the spiked arm of death they precariously held in .

Partially out of curiosity and partially out of an inordinate fear of becoming a pincushion for a possible second trap, Grignr plunged his torch into the exposed gap in the floor. The floor of a second chamber stood out seven feet below the glare. Tossing his torch through the aperature, Grignr grasped the side of an adjoining tile, dropping down.

Glancing about the room, Grignr discovered that he had descended into the palace's mausoleum. Rectangular stone crypts cluttered the floor at evenly placed intervals. The tops of the enclosures were plated with thick layers of virgin gold, while the sides were plated with white ivory; at one time sparkling, but now grown dingy through the passage of the rays of allencompassing mother time. Featured at the head of each sarcophagus in tarnished silver was an expugnisively carved likeness of its rotting inhabitant.

A dingy atmosphere pervaded the air of the chamber; which sealed in the enclosure for an unknown period had grown thick and stale. Intermingling with the curdled currents was the repugnant stench of slowly moldering flesh, creeping ever slowly but surely through minute cracks in the numerous vaults. Due to the embalming of the bodies, their flesh decayed at a much slower rate than is normal, yet the nauseous oder was none the less repellant.

Towering over Grignr's head was the trap he released. The mechanism of the miniaturized catapolt was cluttered with mildew and cobwebs. Notwithstanding these relics of antiquity, its efficiency remained unimpinged. To the right of the trap wound a short stairway through a recessi n in the ceiling; a concealed entrance leading to the mausoleum for which the catapult had obviously been erected as a silent, relentless guardian.

Climbing up the side of the device, Grignr set to the task of resetting its mechanism. In the e event that a search was organized, it would prove well to leave no evidence of his presence open to wandering eyes. Besides , it might even serve to dwindle the size of an opposing force.

Descending from his perch, Grignr was startled by a faintly muffled scream of horrified desperation. His hair prickled yawkishly in disorganized clumps along his scalp. As a cold danced along the length of his spinal cord. No moral/mortal barrier, human or otherwise, was capable of arousing the numbing sensation of fear inside of Grignr's smoldering soul. However, he was overwrought by the forces of the barbarians' instinctive fear of the supernatural. His mighty thews had always served to adequately conquer any tangible foe., but the intangible was something distant and terrible. Dim horrifying

tales passed by word of mouth over glimmering camp fires and skins of wine had more than once served the purpose of chilling the marrowed core of his sturdy limbed bones.

Yet, the scream contained a strangely human quality, unlike that which Grignr imagined would come from the lungs of a demon or spirit, making Grignr take short nervous strides advancing to the sarcophagus from which the sound was issuing. Clenching his teeth in an attempt to steel his jangled nerves, Grignr slid the engraved slab from the vault with a sharp rasp of grinding stone. Another long drawn cry of terror infested anguish met the barbarian, scoring like the shrill piping of a demented banshee; piercing the inner fibres of his superstitious brain with primitive dread dread and awe.

Stooping over to espy the tomb's contents, the glittering Ecordians nostrills were singed by the scorching aroma of a moldering corpse, long shut up and fermenting; the same putrid scent which permeated the entire chamber, though multiplied to a much more concentrated dosage. The shriveled, leathery packet of crumbling bones and dried flacking flesh offered no resistance, but remained in a fixed position of perpetual vigilance, watching over its dim abode from hollow gaping sockets.

The tortured crys were not coming from the tomb but from some hidden depth below ! Pulling the reaking corpse from its resting place, Grignr tossed it to the floor in a broken, mangled heap. Upon one side of the crypt's bottom was attach -ed a series of tiny hinges while running parallel along the opposite side of a convex railing like protruberance; laid so as to appear as a part of the interior surface of the sarcophagus.

Raising the slab upon its bronze hinges, long removed from the gaze of human eyes, Grignr percieved a scene which caused his blood to smolder not unlike bubbling, molten lava. Directly below him a whimpering female lay stretched upon a smooth surfaced marble altar. A pack of grasy faced shamen clustered around her in a tight circular formation. Crouched over the girl was a tall, potbellied priest; his face dominated by a disgusting, open mouthed grimace of sadistic glee. Suspended from the acolyte's clenched right hand was a carven oval faced mallet, which he waved menacingly over the girl's shadowed face; an incoherent gibberish flowing from his grinning, thick lipped mouth.

In the face of the amorphos, broad breated female, stretched out alluringly before his gaping eyes; the universal whim of nature filing a plea of despair inside of his white hot soul; Grignr acted in the only manner he could perceive. Giving vent to a hoarse, throat rending battle cry, Grignr plunged into the midst of the startled shamen; torch simmering in his left hand andax twirling in his right hand.

A gaunt skull faced priest standing at the far side of the altar clutched desperately at his throat, coughing furiously in an attempt to catch his breath. Lurching helplessly to and fro, the acolyte pitched headlong against the gleaming base of a massive jade idol. Writhing agonizedly against the hideous image, foam

flecking his chalk white lips, the priest struggled helplessly - - -the victim of an epileptic siezure.

Startled by the barbarians stunning appearance, the chronic fit of their fellow, and the fear that Grignr might be the avantgarde of a conquering force dedicated to the cause of destroying their degenerated cult, the saman momentarily lost their composure. Giving vent to heedless pandemonium, the priests fell easy prey to Grignr's sweeping arc of crimsoned death and maiming distruction.

The acolyte performing the sacrifice took a vicious blow to the stomach; hands clutching vitals and severed spinal cord as he sprawled over the altar. The disor anized priests lurched and staggered with split skulls, dismembered limbs, and spewing entrails before the enraged Ecordian's relentless onslaught. The howles of the maimed and dying reverberated against the walls of the tiny chamber; a chorus of hell frought despair; as the granite floor ran red with blood. The entire chamber was encompassed in the heat of raw savage butchery as Grignr luxuriated in the grips of a primitive, beastly blood lust.

Presently all went silenet save for the ebbing groans of the sinking shaman and Grignr's heaving breath accompanied by several gusty curses. The well had run dry. No more lambs remained for the slaughter.

The rampaging stead of death having taken of Grignr for the moment, left the barbarian free to the exploitation of his other perusials. Towering over his head was the misshaped image of the cult's hideous diety - - - Argon. The fantastic size of the idol in consideration of its being of pure ade was enough to cause the senses of any man to stagger and reel, yet thus was not the case for the behemoth. he had paid only casual notice to this incredible fact, while riveting the whole of his attention upon the jewel protruding from the idol's sole socket; its masterfully cut faucets emitting blinding rays of hypnotising beauty. After all, a man cannot slink from a heavily guarded palace while burdened down by the intense bulk of a squatting statue, providing of course that the idol can even be hefted, which in fact was beyond the reaches of Grignr's coarsing stamina. On the other hand, the jewel, gigantic as it was, would not present a hinderence of any mean concern.

"Help me ... please . . . I can make it well worth your while," pleaded a soft, anguish strewn voice wafting over Grignr's shoulders as he plucked the dull red emerald from its roots. Turning, Grignr faced the female that had lured him into this blood bath, but whom had become all but forgotten in the heat of the battle.

"You"; ejaculated the Ecordian in a pleased tone. "I though that I had seen the last of you at the tavern, but verilly I was mistaken." Grignr advanced into the grips of the female's entrancing stare, severing the golden chains that held her captive upon the altars highly polished face of ornamental limestone.

As Grignr lifted the girl from the altar, her arms wound dexterously about his neck; soft and smooth against his harsh exterior. "Art thou pleased that we have chanced to meet once again ?" Grignr merely voiced an sighed grunt, returning the damsels embrace while he smothered her trim, delicate lips between the coarsing protrusions of his reeking maw.

"Let us take leave of this retched chamber." Stated Grignr as he placed the female upon h r feet. She swooned a moment, causing Grignr to giver her support then regained her stance. "Art thou able to find your way through the accursed passages of this castle? Mrifk! Every one of the corridors of this damned place are identical."

"Aye; I was at one time a slave of prince Agaphim. His clammy touch sent a sour swill through my belly, but my efforts reaped a harvest. I gained the pig's liking whereby he allowed me the freedom of the palace. It was through this means that I eventually managed escape of the palace . . . . it was a simple matter to seduce the sentry at the western gate. His trust found him with a dagger thrust his ribs," the wench stated whimsicoracally.

"What were you doing at the tavern whence I discovered you?" asked Grignr as he lifted the female through the opening into the mausoleum.

"I had sought to lay low from the palace's guards as they conducted their search for me. The tavern was seldom frequented by the palace guards and my identity was unknown to the common soldiers. It was through the disturbance that you caused that the palace guards were attracted to the tavern. I was dragged away shortly after you were escorted to the palace."

"What are you called by female?"

"Carthena, daughter of Minkardos, Duke of Barwego, whose lands border along the northwestern fringes of Gorzom. I was paid as homage to Agaphim upon his thirty-eighth year,"husked the femme !

"And I am called a barbarian!" Grunted Grignr in a disgusted tone !

"Aye! The ways of our civilization are in many ways warped and distorted, but what is your calling," she queried , bustily?

"Grignr of Ecordia."

"Ah, I have heard vaguely of Ecordia. It is the hill country to the far east of the Noregolean Empire. I have also heard Agaphim curse your land more than once when his troops were routed in the unaccustomed mountains and gorges."Sayeth she.

"Aye. My people are not tarnished by petty luxuries and baubles. They remain fierce and unconquerable in their native climes." After reaching the hidden panel at the head of the stairway, Grignr was at a loss in regard to its operation. His fiercest heaves were as pebbles against burnished armour! Carthena depressed a small symbol included within the elaborate design upon the panel whereopen it slowly slid into a cleft in the wall. "How did you come to be the victim of these crazed shamen?" Quested Grignr as he escorted Carthena through the piles of rummage on the left side of the trap.

"By Agaphim's orders I was thrust into a secluded cell to await his passing of sentence. By some means, the Priests of Argon acquird a set of keys to the cell. They slew the guard placed over me and abducted me to the chamber in which you chanced to come upon the scozsctic sacrifice. Their hell-spawned cult demands a sacrifice once every three moons upon its full journey through the heavens. They were startled by your unannounced appearance through the fear that you had been sent by Agaphim. The prince would surely have submitted them to the most ghastly of tortures if he had ever discovered their unfaithfulness to Sargon, his bastard diety. Many of the partakers of the ritual were high nobles and high trustees of the inner palace; Agaphim's pittiless wrath would have been unparalled."

"They have no more to fear of Agaphim now!" Bellowed Grignr in a deep mirthful tone; a gleeful smirk upon his face. "I have seen that they were delivered from his vengence."

Engrossed by Carthena's graceful stride and conversation Grignr failed to take note of the footfalls rapidly approaching behind him. As he swung aside the arched portal linking the chamber with the corridors beyond, a maddened, blood lusting screech reverberated from his ear drums. Seemingly utilizing the speed of thought, Grignr swiveled to face his unknown foe. With gaping eyes and widened jaws, Grignr raised his axe above his surly mein; but he was too late.

-7-

With wobbling knees and swimming head, the priest that had lapsed into an epileptic siezure rose unsteadily to his feet. While enacting his choking fit in writhing agony, the shaman was overlooked by Grignr. The barbarian had mistaken the siezure for the death throes of the acolyte, allowing the priest to avoid his stinging blade. The sight that met the priests inflamed eyes nearly served to sprawl him upon the floor once more. The sacrificial sat it grim, blood splattered silence all around him, broken only by the occasional yelps and howles of his maimed and butchered fellows. Above his head rose the hideous idol, its empty socket holding the shaman's ifurbished infuriated gaze. His eyes turned to a stoney glaze with the realization of the pillage and blasphemy. Due to his high succeptibility following the siezure, the priest was transformed into a raving maniac bent soley upon reaking vengeance. With lips curled and quivering, a crust of foam dripping from them, the acolyte drew a long ,wicked looking jewel hilted scimitar from his silver girdle and fled through the aperature in the ceiling uttering a faintly perceptible ceremonial jibberish.

-7½-

A sweeping scimitar swung towards Grignr's head in a shadowed blur of motion. With Axe raised over his head, Grignr prepared to parry the blow, while gaping wideeyed in open mouthed perplexity. Suddenly a sharp snap resounded behind the frothing shaman. The scimitar, halfway through its fatal sweep, dropped from a quivering nerveless hand, clattering harmlessly to the stoneage. Cutting his screech short with a bubbling, red mouthed gurgle, the lacerated acolyte staggered under the pressure of the released spring-board. After a moment of hopeless struggling, the shaman buckled, sprawling face down in a widening pool of bllod and entrails, his

regal purple robe blending enhancingly with the swirling streams of crimson.

"Mrifk! I thought that I had killed the last of those dogs;" muttered Grignr in a half apathetic state.

"Nay Grignr. You doubtlessly grew careless while giving vent to your lusts. But let us not tarry any long lest we over tax the fates.The paths leading to freedom will soon be barred. The wretch's crys must certainly have attracted unwanted attention," the wench mused.

"By what direction shall we pursue our flight?"

"Up that stair and down the corridor a short distance is the concealed enterance to a tunnel seldom used by others than the prince, and known to few others save the palace's royalty. It is used mainly by the prince when he wishes to take leave of the palace in secret. It is not always in the Prince's best interests to leave his chateau in public view. Even while under heavy guard he is often assaulted by hurtling stones and rotting fruits. The commoners have little love for him." lectured the nerelady!

"It is amazing that they would ever have left a pig like him become their ruler. I should imagine that his people would rise up and crucify him like the dog he is."

"Alas, Grignr, it is not as simple as all that. His soldiers are well paid by him. So long as he keeps their wages up they will carry out his damned wishes. The crude impliments of the commonfolk would never stand up under an onslaught of forged blades and protective armor; they would be going to their own slaughter," stated Carthena to a confused, but angered Grignr as they topped the stairway.

"Yet how can they bear to live under such oppression? I would sooner die beneath the sword than live under such a dog's command." added Grignr as the pair stalked down the hall in the direction opposite that in which Grignr had come.

"But all men are not of the same mold that you were born of, they choose to live as they are so as to save their filthy necks from the chopping block." Returned Carthena in a disgusted tone as she cast an appiesed glance towards the stalwart figure at her side whose left arm was wound dextrously about her slim waist; his slowly waning torch casting their images in intermingling wisps as it dangled from his left hand.

Presently Carthena came upon the panel, concealed amonst the other granite slabs and discernable only by the burned out cresset above it. "As I push the cresset aside push the panel inwards." Carthena motioned to the panel she was refering to and twisted the cresset in a counterclockwise motion. Grignr braced his right shoulder against the walling, concentrating the force of his bulk against it. The slab gradually swung inward with a slight grating sound. Carthena stooped beneath Grignr's corded arms and crawled upon all fours into the passage beyond. Grignr followed after easing the slab back into place.

Winding before the pair was a dark musty tunnel, exhibiting tangled spider webs from it ceiling to wall and an oozing, sickly slime running lazily upon its floor. Hanging from the chipped wall upon GrignR's right side was a half mouldered corpse, its grey flacking arms held in place by rusted iron manacles. Carthena flinched back into Grignr's arms at sight of the leering set in an ugly distorted grimmace; staring horribly at her from hollow gaping sockets.

"This alcove must also be used by Agaphim as a torture chamber. I wonder how many of his enemies have disappeared into these haunts never to be heard from again," pondered the hulking brute.

"Let us flee before we are also caught within Agaphim's ghastly clutches. The exit from this tunnel cannot be very far from here!" Said Carthena with a slight sob to her voice, as she sagged in Grignr's encompasing embrace.

"Aye; It will be best to be finished with this corridor as soon as it is possible. But why do you flinch from the sight of death so? Drift! You have seen much death this day without exhibiting such emotions." Exclaimed Grignr as he led her trembling form along the dingy confines.

"---The man hanging from the wall was Doyanta. He had committed the folly of showing affections for me in front of Agaphim --- he never meant any harm by his actions!" At this Carthena broke into a slow steady whimpering, chokking her voice with gasping sobs. "There was never anything between us yet Agaphim did this to him! The beast! May the demons of Hell's deepest haunts claw away at his wretched flesh for this merciliess act!" she prayed.

"I detect that you felt more for this fellow than you wish to let on ... but enough of this. We can talk of such matters after we are once more free to do so." With this Grignr lifted the grieved female to her feet and strode onward down the corridor, supporting the bulk of her weight with his surging left arm.

Presently a dim light was perceptibly filtering into the tunnel, casting a dim feddish hue upon the moldy wall of the passage's grim confines. Carthena had ceased her whimpering and partially regained her composure. "The tunnel's end must be nearing. Rays of sunlight are beginning to seep into ..."

Grignr clamoed his right hand over Carthena's mouth and with a slight struggle pulled her over to the shadows at the right hand wall of the path, while at the same time thrusting his torch beneath an overhanging stone to smother its flickering rays. "Be silent; I can hear footfalls approaching through the tunnel;" growled Grignr in a hushed tone.

"All that you hear are the horses corraled at the far end of the tunnel. That is a further sign that we are nearing our goal." She stated!

"All that you hear is less than I hear: I heard footsteps coming towards us. Silence yourself that we may find out whom we are being brought into contact with. I doubt that any would have thought as yet of searching this passage for us. The advantage of surprize will be upon our side." Grignr warned.

Carthena cast her eyes downward and ceased any further pursuit towards conversation, an irritating habit in which she had gained an amazing [illegible] proficiency. Two figures came into the pairs view, from around a turn in the tunnel. They were clothed in rich luxuriant silks and rambling o on in conversation while ignorant of their crouching foes waiting in an ambush ahead.

"...That barbarian dog is cringing beneath the weight of the lash at this very moment sire. He shall cause no more disturbance."

"Aye, and so it is with any who dare to cross the path of Sargon's chosen one." said the 2nd man.

"But the peasants are showing signs of growing unrest. They complain that they cannot feet their families while burdened with your taxes."

"I shall teach those sluts the meaning of humility! Order an immediate increase upon their taxes. They dare to question my sovereign authority, Ha-a, they shall soon learn what true oppression can be . I will ... "

A shodowed bulk leapt from behind a jutting promontory as it brought down a double edged axe with the spped of a striking thought. One of the nobles sagged lifeless to the ground, skull split to the teeth.

Grignr gasped as he observed the bisected face set in its leering death agonies. It was Agafnd! The dead mans comrade having recovered from his shock drew a jewel encrusted dagger from beneath the folds of his robe and lunged toward the barbarians back. Grignr spun at the sound from behind and smashed down his crimsoned axe once more. His antagonist lunged howling to a stream of stagnent green water, grasping a spouting stump that had once been a wrist. Grignr raised his axe over his head and prepared to finish the incomplete job, but was detered half way through his lunge by a frenzied screech from behind.

Carthena leapt to the head of the writhing figure, plunging a smoldering torch into the agonized face. The howls increased in their horrid intensity, stifled by the sizzling of roasting flesh, then died down until the man was reduced to a blubbering mass of squirming, insensate flesh.

Grignr advance to Carthena's side wincing slightly from the putrid aroma of charred flesh that rose in a puff of thick white smog throughout the chamber. Carthena reeled slightly, staring dasedly downward at her gruesome handywork. "I had to do it . . . it was Agaphim . . . I had to, " she exclaimed!

"Sargon should be more carful of his right hand men." Added Grignr, a smug grin upon his lips."But to hell with Sargon for now, the stanch is becoming bothersome to me." With that Grignr grasped Carthena around the waist leading her around the bend in the cave and into the open.

A ball of feral red was rising through the mists of the eastern horizon, disipating the slinking shadows of the night. A coral stood before the pair, enclosing two grazing mares. Grignr reached into a weighted down leather pouch dangling at his side and drew forth the scintillant red emerald he had obtained from the bloated idol. Raising it towards the sun he said, "We shall do well with bauble,eh!"

Carthena gaped at the gem gasping in a terrified manner "The eye of Argon, Oh! Kalla!" At this the gem gave off a blinding glow, then dribbled through Grignr's fingers in a slimy red ooze. Grignr stepped back, pushing Carthena behind him. The droplets of slime slowly converged into a pulsating jelly-like mass. A single opening transfixed the blob, forminf into a leechlike maw.

Then the hideous transgressor of nature flowed towards Grignr, a trail of greenish slime lingering behind it. The single gap puckered repeatedly emitting a ghastly sucking sound.

Grignr spread his legs into a battle stance, steeling his quivering thews for a battle royal with a thing he knew not how to fight. Carthena wound her arms about her protectors neck, mumbling, "Kill it! Kill!"While her entire body trembled.

The thing was almost upon Grignr when he buried his axe into the gristly maw. It passed through the blob and clanged upon the ground. Grignr drew his axe back with a film of yellow-green slime clinging to the blade. The thing was seemingly unaffected. Then it started to slooze up his leg. The hairs upon his nape stoode on end from the slimey feel of the things buly, bulk. The Nautous sucking sound became louder, and Grignr felt the blood being drawn from his body. With each hiss of hideous pucker the thing increased in size.

Grignr shook his foot about madly in an attempt to dislodge the blob, but it clung like a leech, still feeding upon his rapidly draining life fluid. He grasped with his hands trying to rip it off, but only found his hands entangled in a sickly glue-like substance. The slimey thing continued its puckering ; now having grown the size of Grignr's leg from its vampiric feast.

Grignr began to reel and stagger under the blob, his chalk white face and faltering muscles attesting to the gigantic loss of blood. Carthena slipped from Grignr in a death-like faint, a morrow chilling scream upon her red rubish lips. In final desperation Grignr grasped the smoldering torch upon the ground and plunged it into the reeking maw of the travestry. A shudder passed though the thing. Grignr felt the blackness closing upon his eyes, but held on with the last ebb of his rapidly waning vitality. He could feel its grip lessoning as a hideous gurgling sound erupted from the writhing maw. The jelly like mass began to bubble like a vat of boiling tar as qu vers passed up and down its entire form.

With a sloshing plop the thing fell to the ground, evaporating in a thick scarlet cloud until it reatained its original size. It remained thus for a moment as the puckered maw took the shape of a protruding red eyeball, the pupil of which seemed to unravel before it the tale of creation. How a shapeless mass slithered from the quagmires of the stygmatic pool of time, only to degenerate into a leprosy of avaricious lust. In that fleeting moment the grim mystery of life was revealed before Grignr's ensnared gaze.

The eyeballs glare turned to a sudden plea of mercy, a plea for the whole of humanity. Then the blob began to quiver with violent convulsions; the eyeball shattered into a thousand tiny fragments and evaporated in a curling wisp of scarlet mist. The very ground below the thing began to vibrate and swallow it up with a belch.

The thing was gone forever. All that remained was a dark red blotch upon the face of the earth, blotching things up. Shaking his head, his shaggy mane to clear the jumbled fragments of his mind, Grignr tossed the limp female over his shoulder. Mounting one of the disgruntled mares, and leading the other; the weary, scarred barbarian trooted slowly off into the horizon to become a tiny pinpoint in a filtered filed of swirling blue mists. Leaving the Nobles, soldiers, and peasants to replace the missing monarch. Long leave the king !!!!

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